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H. FINLAYSON

46 DARLING AVE.

General Express

CARPETS TAKEN UP OR DOWN

TEN TO ONE

FALLEN ROSE LEAVES

GATHERED AND PRESSED

A SERIES OF

READINGS, RECITATIONS, DIALOGUES
AND SONGS

BY

ROSE MARHAM

I ask not a place on your bookshelves alone,
I aspire of your life to form part;
If you deem me worthy of notice at all,
Oh! give me a place in your heart. —R.M.

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GOD IS LOVE.

*As sweet perfume where roses bloom
Pervades the air around,
So loving words and kindly deeds
From holy lives abound.*

—ROSE MARHAM.

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FALLEN ROSE-LEAVES.

WRECK OF THE S. S. "VICTORIA."

MAY 24TH, 1881.

BY ONE WHO WAS ON BOARD.

Hark! a sound of woe and wailing
Comes upon the evening air,
While groups around, of friends and neighbors,
Meet the sad eye everywhere.

Why this cry? Has fever stricken
The whole city as one man?
Or has the plague, as in times olden,
Come to London once again?

Listen! there's a cry now reaches
Of a woman's upraised voice,
Asking now, "Where is my darling?"
Answered—"Locked in death's embrace."

And with agony part deadened,
Falling back in true friends' arms,
While questions asked and answers given
On'y causes fresh alarms.

On that morning, fair and lovely,
As ever shone forth summer day
Thousands hastened off for pleasure—
'Twas the twenty-fourth of May.

And a people, loyal in feeling,
Set apart their Queen's birthday;
For in business they were earnest,
They had learned where wisdom lay.

Interspersing work with pleasure,
Giving each their proper places,
Some had sought the railway station,
By train to visit friendly faces.

Others, lured by lovely Nature,
To the fair banks of the Thames,
Boarded on the *Royal Victoria*,
Bound on gathering flowers and ferns.*

Arriving safe at destination,
Hither, thither, speed the crowd,—
Happy parents, happy children,
Seemed the day without a cloud.

And the day passed, as such days will,
All too soon—that one at least;
For those eyes, so bright with pleasure,
Soon were dim with the death-mist.

* The Writer, with husband and little daughter.

And now the boat, with water laden,
Comes along the wharf, to bear
Its precious burdens of immortals
To their landing—where, oh, where ?

As along the Thames' green waters
Pass the merry, jovial crowd,
The forms now decked in dainty fashion
Hasten on to wear a shroud.

Ward's and Woodland's landings past—
Oh ! had our captain sober been,
Our eyes from tears would have been kept,
And London saved from such a scene.

Into the water's deepest bend,
He took us ; and the ship swayed so,
A voice cried, " Move to the other side,
Or the boat will over go."

Too late ! they moved, one moment more
The ship now quivered to its core,
Then over went ; five hundred souls
Were struggling 'midst the water's folds.

But some leaped into the water
Before the boat went o'er,
Though exhausted by the struggle,
Had safely reached the shore.

And now, with upraised arms and voice,
One so escaped from death,
With horror depicted on her face,
She sees the struggling mass.

" Save them, oh ! save them, do !" she cries,
And then entreaties cease,
For scarce a head is seen to rise ;
All, all have sunk beneath.

A few, but very few, escaped,
And speed along the shore to take
Into the city the sad news,
And help and axes bring to use.

In the meantime, some noble men,
When the ship broke up in twain,
Regained their footing on her deck,
Though wet and weary, went to work.

And now began the awful sight,
Which dead and dying brought to light ;
Each one, when saved, had lost some other—
Father, son, fond friend, or brother.

Mothers, children, sisters, all
For each other loudly call,
And they scan the deck and shore,
For the dress* each loved one wore.

And while the hope of life still lasts,
Some worked for warmth, till hope was past ;
And some gently bore, with kindly hand,
The dead and dying to the land,

Where fires burned bright, to dry and cheer
Each dripping form that gathered there ;
And silently the night drew on,
Which added horrors to the scene.

Hushed were the cries, now hope had fled,
Save when one came across his dead ;
Then kindly hands bore them away,
And gently laid them on the dray.

* The Writer for her child.

Which took them to the homes bereft ;
In some 'twas only father left,
To labor and to bear alone,
When all that made work light was gone.

And other homes there were bereft
Of willing hands and willing feet,
Of little ones that lightened care
By running here and doing there.

And homes bereft of father's love,
And helpful means which made life move
So easily from day to day,
And chased the wolf of want away.

And still the ghastly work went on,
All through the night and early morn,
Of bringing the dead from the waters cold
Till two hundred and eighty were found, all told.

And amongst that silent throng stood one,
Sobered with pallid face,
While in his arms there rests a form
Of wondrous childish grace.

Ah ! well we know for many a year,
Will come the harrowing thought,
"Had I been there, as I promised her,"
E'en death had harmed her not.

But thou canst go where she has gone,
Though she may not return ;
They have gone before, and got safe home,
While we still journey on.

And Father, if the fight is hard,
The victory is sure ;
And we may stand at God's right hand,
With loved ones gone before.

And still there is another yet,
That meets our eye on that scene of death,
With a little form on his heaving breast,
A casket of its jewel bereft.

And near him lay the comely form
Of a woman, whose ornaments still adorn;
And friends, now seeking, try to trace
To whom they belong, when the man's face

A new terror began to show,
"Surely, that trinket I ought to know,
'Tis my wife's," he exclaims! then "Oh!
My God! my other children are here too."

And so, alas, on looking around
His other darlings soon were found,
Now wife and children all are gone—*
A grief which scarcely can be borne.

Oh! Thou that dwellest up on high,
And seest such, Lord, draw them nigh,
And help them, through Thy chastening rod,
To call on Thee, the living God.

And they laden the boat *Princess Louise*,
Which slowly steamed beneath the trees,
With its terrible freight of silent dead,
To the Sulphur Spring Gardens, their grassy bed.

And they laid them gently side by side,
The young and the old, the babe and the bride,†
And many still shudder as they think of the sight,
That loomed out from the dark on that terrible night.

* Wife and four children.

† Five in one family.

And on the morrow from far and near,
Came the coffins to use in the funeral bier,
Till from end to end of the city was none
To be bought for money, for all were gone.

And many were buried on that first day
After the accident, but many more lay
Till the twenty-sixth, for Mayor Campbell said :
"Let the stores be closed while we bury our dead."

And the streets of the city were deserted that day,
Save by those who went where the dead were to lay,
And men bared their heads at each sad procession ;
And I loved London more for such consideration.

While at many a door as we hurried along,
Crape, tied with black and white, was hung ;
And others were waiting while we were gone,
For the hearse and the cabs to return to them.

So ended the second solemn day :
Our loved ones from our homes had passed away ;
And our hearts still bleeding began to say ;
Why were they taken, Lord, show us why ?

And the answer came from His Holy Word,
The only answer of which I have heard,
"If any love Me, let him take up his cross
And follow on after Me," it shall not be his loss.

For none hath forsaken for My name's sake,
Unholy friends, or companions who take
My name in vain, or trades which tell,
Plainly they lead weak souls to hell.

But in this life rewarded shall be,
And life everlasting receiveth with Me ;
I would that thou lovest Me, "how often I would
Have gathered thee to Me as a hen doth her brood."

I've tried thee with plenty, I've tried thee with spare,
Of loves thou hadst many, now thou art bare ;
What more can I do to save you from harm,
You must be hot or cold, I can't have you lukewarm.

"I've piped, and ye danced not" with joy in your heart,
To God who gave richly. Now I've made you to start
Back with horror ; oh ! will you not try
From this time to seek Me ? "For why will ye die?"

Yes, Lord, we will seek Thee at once, oh, forgive
All that is past, and help us to live,
And work, like the righteous that exalteth a nation,
Nor forget the sad lesson in this visitation.

But from that lesson so sad and dreary,
Comes a perfume sweet and cheery ;
How easily God can raise up friends,
With the trouble that He sends.

From our own and many another city,
Came the helping hand of pity ;
God bless them all an hundred-fold,
For the sympathy of which it told.

It speaks again like Revelation,
"God of one blood hath made each nation,"
Help us to live like brotherhood,
Striving to do each other good.

And hasten the time when to our call,
Lord, Thou shalt come to rule us all,
"When we shall know Thee as Thou art ;
And learn to love Thee as we ought."

MEMORIAL.

Lines written by a mother on the loss of a darling child by the wreck of the steamship *Victoria*, on the Thames, London, Ontario, May 24, 1881. Written on the 21st of August, when feeling sad because it is three months to-day since my darling hastened away to Sunday-school with the text for the day's lesson: "Behold the Lamb of God." This was her last Sabbath on earth, as she was drowned on the next Tuesday. She was a child wise beyond her years, and thoughtful for all, especially for me, her mother. It always grieved her to see me weary and sad, being of a bright, affectionate disposition herself. She was truly one of those of whom it is said, "And they shall be all taught of God," for only so can we account for her sweetness and gentleness. She was eight years four months and nine days old when she died.

Our Rose, a flower by name,
And sweet as her namesake too,
The fragrance of her life remains,
Though her dear form is hid from view.
Our sunbeam, we often called her,
And now from her home on high,
She will come as a ministering angel
To light us up to the sky.

TUNE,—“Come back to Erin.”

Sadly I miss you, my darling, my darling !
But, Lord, thou art worthy my best to receive ;
I would not recall her, O Jesus, Thou knowest,
For oh, I am sure that with Jesus she lives.

She has gone on before me, but I will not murmur,
For Lord, Thou art worthy my best to receive ;
But humbly I'll try while I live to adore Thee
And show by my life how in Christ I believe.

Sadly I miss you, my darling, my darling !
When to or from God's house I go or return,
Where so often thy dear feet have hastened with gladness,
To join in the lessons thou lovest to learn.

But now thou dost see Him of whom thou hast heard ;
Thou beholdest "the Lamb of God, day without night,"
While still I am waiting until I shall hear
The summons that calls me to share in the sight.

Sadly I miss you, my darling, my darling !
Though my smile may be cheery and my eye may be
bright,
Still to Jesus I go, when I'm lonely and weary,
For I trust in His love and I know He is right.

Oft hast thou knelt with thy father and brother,
Beside me in prayer, while I gave thee to God ;
But scarcely I knew how my footsteps would weary,
When with them alone I walked the same road.

But farewell, our darling ! though sadly I miss you,
Our time at the furthest will not be so long,
Before father, mother, and brother shall join thee
In glory, and singing the seraphims' song.

THE FLOODS OF LONDON WEST.

JULY 10TH AND 11TH, 1883.

'Twas Tuesday night, the tenth July,
When a terrible storm o'erspread the sky,
And on the city and village came down.
Hour after hour it hovered around,
And the lightning seemed to enter the ground ;
And the thunder's peal the city shook,
Till the vibration was felt in every nook.
And out on the night to our startled ear,

Came the ring of the fire-bell, quick and clear,
And we ran to our doors and windows to see,
Where, in the city, the fire might be.
The heavens were aglow with the fearful blaze,
And down through our streets the storm still raged,
We dared not go out, but could scarce keep in;
And above the storm's roar was the fire-bell's ring,
And o'er the city the storm came and went,
Till far in the night its fury seemed spent.
And we heard that the fire, though very large,
Was confined in the east, to the Victor's oil yards;
And we sought our beds, nor thought ere morn,
How many from home and friends would be torn.
Our ignorance was bliss, but early morn made us wise,
We awoke with a start to list to the noise,
Of the sound of many voices, and the rush of hasty feet,
And the ringing of the fire-bell on our hearing seemed to
grate,
And we listen at our windows if in the murmurs we may
catch,
The import of the threatened danger—two houses gone, is
the news we get;
And we hasten getting ready, to join the multitude
Passing by our door and window, when we hear, "not fire,
'tis flood,"
And the time which never laggeth whatever may betide,
Still hastens on, and the fire-bell ringing—the hour is
nearly five.
And when we reach the jail on Dundas Street, ere we
farther go,
Looking o'er the waste of waters are many faces blanched
with woe,
And we ask, with faltering voices, "Are any lives lost, do
you know?"
" 'Tis feared that many may be, the houses are surrounded
so."
Then the men worked with a will, to open up the boat-house
roof,

Anxiety kept others still, for only one boat-house was left,
And a shout arose, as the telling blows left bare the boats
to view,

For it meant life from death to those bereft of all but life
just now.

And bravely the brave men rowed against the current's
fearful tide,

Straining every muscle till they gained the far hill-side,
And placed upon their safety heights, their precious living
freight,

Of hundreds, who, without their help, must soon have sunk
in death.

All honor be to noble men, to whom all honor's due.

For every trade hath lent its aid this misery to subdue.

And down the stream like mighty giants, came many a
noble tree,

And houses pitching, tossing, rushing—"Where can the
inmates be?"

And the furniture and bedding went whirling, dashing by,
Until they came against the bridge where other wreckage lay.
Kensington bridge has long since gone majestic down the
river.

Blackfriars and Victoria stood the strain, although with
many a shiver;

And slowly passed that weary day, the 11th of July,
Fraught with many an aching heart, and many a weary eye—
Weary with watching and weeping,

For loved ones that could not be found.

For some were quietly sleeping beneath the mud's sick'ning
mound.

And far up on every bank was thrown, furniture, broken
and torn,

And the carcass of many a noble beast to the grassy slopes
was borne.

And the city was stricken again that day,
All trades were hushed, and the people's way
Led them once more to the river,

As two years before, with hurried steps and an inward
prayer,

That God would have mercy, and His wrath forbear.

And we hailed with gladness at eventide, (the news)

Though the waters are strong they begin to subside.

Then on the morrow the devastation—

No pen can portray of the flood's visitation—

Houses removed far from their places,

Some broke up and gone, some thrown on their faces,

Houses, fences and barns all thrown up together,

Crushed and collapsed and so left by the river,

And the place where they stood lost forever and ever.

Oh! our feet grew weary as we walk through each street,

And our hearts were sad with the sights we meet;

With fences for sidewalks, where no sidewalks were left,

Or we walked through the gardens not finding the street,

Where so lately all was looking so trim and so neat.

Now the potatoes uprooted, exposed to our view,

And the currants half-ripened torn up with them too,

And the fruit and the shade trees lie scattered around;

While the rose trees, like beacons, still grow in the ground.

We hear of one family, some of whom are lost,

Buried beneath a house which collapsed,

And those who are missing are forty in all;

Still we are thankful, indeed, the number's so small.

And this time of trouble hath again brought to light,

The unselfish and noble, of every-day life;

There was a voice of prayer that caught the ear

And nerved the heart to do and dare.

And the noble girl with wisdom fraught,

Who saved her sacred charge from hurt,

And cheered her father with her voice,

"We are all safe!" whom he thought lost.

And the large-hearted mother who saved her four babes,

And herself and Bible from watery graves.

God grant that His truths may be treasured anew,

And daily read by that mother and children too.

May it be to her and her children beside—

What it hath been to many—a treasured guide
Through an uncertain life, through the shadow of death,
Then 'twill open the gates of heaven full breadth.
And the noble husband when told by his wife
"To lay hold on the box that was floating around,"—
But in moments like these how quick the heart sees
What are treasures beyond all compare.
And the true metal's ring in his answer is seen,
"I would rather save you out of here,"—
And away o'er the waters went the saving of years,
Gathered, with hopes of rest, for gray hairs ;
But how cheerful will that wife work on at his side,
Nor feel her lot hard, whate'er may betide.
And the dear boy asking, "Father, what can I do?"
Being told, "Keep little Johnny close by you,"
Was faithful till death, for the receding tide
Revealed them in death, hands clasped, side by side.
Ah! the gentle word and the kindly deed,
Rendered to each in the hour of need,
Shall save many a soul from deadly sin,
And bring the light of God's love in.
Ye wives and mothers ne'er yet behind
In all that's good, and true, and kind,
The prayer of faith with deeds combined,
Shall guide the hand that is divine.
But to tell all the kind deeds of neighbor and friend,
Of parents and children, there would be no end ;
But may these afflictions and mercies blessed be,
To our sanctification, dear friend, you and me.

THE REQUEST.

Write a piece in your autograph album, you say ;
Just a word of advice then, take it, I pray,
"Be courteous to all!"
It can preach a long sermon,
Though the text is so small.

MY MOTHER.

In a lovely, fertile valley
On Old England's shore,
Lived a widow and her daughter,
Industrious, pious, poor.

But there came a time of sorrow,
When the mother, sick and sore,
Though upon her work dependent,
Now could work for home no more.

And the child, though full of life
And energy and power,
Was too young to keep the wolf
Of hunger from the door.

On a bright and lovely morning,
In the springtime, fresh and fair,
Awoke the child with thoughtful sighing,
For the cupboard shelf was bare.

"Up, my child, and light the fire!"
'Twas the mother's cheerful voice;
But the child, lacking faith,
Said, "Why, mother, where's the use?"

"We have no food, no tea, no sugar."
"Never mind," the mother said;
"God will send our breakfast, darling;
He hath promised daily bread."

And the child, again obeying,
Wondering much how mother knew
That they needed salt and pepper,
Laid the table for the two;

Then exclaimed, "Now all is ready,
We have no breakfast, mother, dear."
"Nay, while we wait the kettle boiling,
We will reading have, and prayer."

And before the God of heaven,
Knelt that mother with her faith,
Pleading, "Ask, and it shall be given,
They shall renew their strength that wait."

Pleaded how her Father knew
They needed food, but could not do
With stricken hand the work of life,
And now depended on Him quite.

And scarcely risen from her knees,
When at the door a neighbor sees,
With apron loaded o'er her arm,
To hide contents from view and sun.

And saying, "You must not feel hurt
That mother sent, but if you've naught,
This might come handy, so I come ;
If you have enough, no harm is done."

On the table then she spread,
Tea, sugar, butter, meat and bread,
And the widow told, with grateful tears,
Of her own hopes and child's fears.

And again they knelt, with thankful heart,
Ere of the bounty taking part,
The mother asking that her child
Might ne'er forget that lesson mild ;

But trusting, where she could not trace,
Go on with joy to seek His face,
Whom none have ever sought in vain,
In sore temptation, grief or pain.

THE DYING MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

A mother lay on her bed of pain,
With little hope of e'er getting up again,
And her daughter, fair and young,
Did the work of the house, as much as was done.

And as days and weeks and months went by,
All knew that mother had got to die ;
And young as the child was, she learnt it too,
And oft wept to know what she should do.

For that mother was all in all she had,
No wonder the poor child felt so bad ;
No father, or sister, or brother dear,
To soothe, or comfort, or love, or cheer.

And the mother oft thought of her little one,
Who would be so lonely when she was gone ;
And her heart cried up to God on high,
To lead her child safe home to the sky.

And one day when the mother seemed to repose,
And her hands were folded, her eyes were closed,
And her lips were moving as if in prayer,
The child drew close, for she wanted to hear.

And bending down, she heard mother say,
" Lord, keep her,—yes ; keep her from the evil way ;
Help her to love only that which is holy,
For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory."

And the child rose up, and moved from the bed,
But often she thought of what mother had said ;
In the midst of her work, in the midst of her play,
Would come, " Keep her, Lord, keep her from the evil way."

And that mother died and was laid to rest,
And the child went forth on the world's cold breast ;
No stone marks where that mother lay,
" By their fruits shall ye know them," I hear Jesus say.

And years went past in the battle of life,
And the child became woman, amid the strife ;
And oft, when evil in pleasure lay,
Was whispered, " Lord, keep her from the evil way."

The child lives as wife and mother to-day,
And God has taught her for herself and others to pray ;
And her mother rejoices in God's own light,
It's " by faith ye are saved, and not by sight."

Oh, fathers and mothers who live in God's fear,
And deepen life's lessons by believing prayer ;
Thou shalt stand on His right at the last great day ;
And " thy five talents have gained other five," Lord, thou
 shalt say.

August, 1881.

CAST DOWN, BUT NOT FORSAKEN.

'Twas a stormy night, dark and drear,
When a maiden knelt in her room at prayer ;
She had often knelt at that spot before,
But never as now had she knelt before.

Never since first she sought and found
Pardon and peace, on faith's trusting ground ;
But alas ! in a moment when danger seemed nigh,
She had forgotten her Lord, and told a lie.

And now a pall, as of endless night,
Had shrouded her soul from all the light
And love of His presence ; her Lord was gone,
And her soul was with agonized penitence torn.

For it had been hers for her peace to flow
Like many a sunny river we know,
Full and bright, with murmuring song,
Seeking to bless and be blessed as she journeyed along.

But now she pleads with terrible cry,
"O God ! for Christ's sake, forgive the lie,
And let me not live this curse to bear—
O God, in mercy hear my prayer.

"Thou know'st I was sorely tried and afraid,
Or I for strength and help had prayed ;
O God of the helpless, hear my cry,
In mercy, Jesus, pass me not by.

"Lord, Thou hast said, and I believe,
That every one who asks receives :
I am not worthy ; but, Lord, I pray,
Forgive the sin I have sinned to-day."

'Twas thus the maiden pleaded, with tears
And bitter grief ; though young in years,
She had early learned her Lord to love,
And though working on earth she walked above.

And now to her the loss, how great,
No food nor rest she dared to take ;
She could not lie upon her bed,
Lest morning light should find her dead.

So she knelt and prayed with bowed head,
And folded hands, with Bible spread
On the little table by the window light,
With blind updrawn on that dark'ning night.

And she prayed that a sign might to her be given,
The sign of a star in that dark'ning heaven,
That God would forgive her sin so great,
Nor His Holy Spirit from her take.

For oft-times she had asked for a sign before,
And had searched her Bible o'er and o'er,
Believing as sure as ever 'twas spoken,
"Ask and receive," God would give her a token.

But now 'twas dark, and she could not see
The word or the line, whiche'er it might be ;
She had been a child but humbly taught,
But she loved with a love that had never a doubt.

So now she looked, with a longing eye,
For the bright'ning star in the angry sky,
But she looked and prayed, and looked in vain,
For each passing cloud but blacker came.

And she thought, "Ah, it is to me
A sign I cannot forgiven be,
And must this darling Book I love,
A sealed letter henceforth prove?"

She seized her Bible, pressed it to her,
Kissed its leaves and covers o'er,
Exclaiming, "I must love it all the same,
And Thee, Lord, bless Thy holy name!"

Then, with her Bible tightly clasped,
She for a moment thought
Of all the blackness and darkness that
Must be her life henceforth.

Then, with quivering lip and tear-dimmed eye,
Again she searched the clouded sky ;
But all is dark ; ah ! now 'tis riven,
A star shines brightly down from heaven.

With quickening breath and tight-clasped hands,
A prayer of praise at once ascends,
"Lord, can it be ? Dost Thou forgive ?
Help me, that I henceforth may live

AN INQUIRY.

"Thy wondrous love to show ;
In word and deed may truth abound,
With gentleness to all around,
While I live here below."

And now the terrible strain was o'er,
She felt herself weary and worn,
And sought the rest she needed much,
While the star kept shining on.

And in the morning, refreshed and bright,
Rejoicing in God, for His love last night,
While the Holy Spirit whispered within,
"To keep this peace, confess your sin."

And she went and told "how grieved she was,
She had told a lie, and sinned against God ;"
And they forgave and valued her more,
And their worldly hearts thought the words o'er.

And many years she lived to prove
The "height, and depth, and length, and breadth,"
Of God's most wonderful love.

AN INQUIRY.

St. Thomas ! and is he the patron saint
Of your city which bears his name ;
With its wooded heights and fertile plains,
And its viaducts and massive frames,
Which span your hills of a hundred feet,
And seem by their magnitude to defy
The freak of nature—to give reason why
You shall not run your trains o'er hill and dale
While man's will can still prevail ?
Busy city ; your future must be,

If founded on righteous law and liberty,
Firm as the hills on which you stand,
Fruitful as your valleyed land,
Rich as the views with which you abound,
Of God's goodness to man, all the city around.

THE TRAVELLING PREACHER.

'Tis the evening of a sultry day, and a young man,
Weary and footsore, still pursues his way,
Anxious to reach the village inn ;
For to-morrow is the Sabbath-day,
When he may rest ; but the night is closing in,
And he sees with gladness a light between the trees,
And following its leadings, a cottage soon espies,
Of humble outline, but bespeaking rest.
While the air around bears perfume on its breast :
He passes through the wicket gate.
The window is thrown up ; no sign of fear,
Though only a poor widow, reading, is sitting there.
He knocks, and sees her lay her glasses on her book,
And opening the door, scans his face with anxious look ;
Then murmurs : " 'Tis not he ! You are a stranger, sir, I
see ? "
" A traveller benighted, madam, how far distant is the inn ? "
" Three long miles at least, sir ; will you not come in
And rest awhile—or if you like to stay
You shall sleep where my poor boy should lay ;
Perhaps some other mother shelters him instead of me."
He enters, and she points him to a chair.
" Did I understand you that your son is not here ? "
" Yes, he went to sea ; 'tis now gone two year,
But for eighteen months he sent me half his pay ;
Then there came a letter from the ship's company
Saying the vessel was wrecked, and all hands lost at sea.
And now I have no one to help me, sir, you see.

And when my year's rent is due,
The agent tells me I must leave my home.
But in God is my trust, let what will come."
And as she spoke the tears ran down her furrowed face:
And the young man, to comfort her, spoke of God's grace
And His great power to save, even from a watery grave—
In answer to a prayer of faith
He could snatch our loved ones back from death.
Then he read the thirty-seventh Psalm;
And prayed that the widow might be kept from harm.
And holy passed the Sabbath, on the morrow,
As the young man to many a hearer taught
From the pulpit, of God's care and thought,
And of the peace which comes to us and rest,
From being sure that God's way is best.
"Before ye speak I will hear, and while ye yet ask
I will answer, saith the Lord."

Such was his text.

And on Monday morning, bright and early up,
He wanders out and wonders much to see,
At that early hour, the busy little bee
At work and in such numbers everywhere,
Buzzing in and out of every crack and tear
Of the old shed, when a "Good morning, sir!"
Arouses his attention, and he turns and sees,
His hostess of the last two nights. "You keep bees,
Madam? and what a quantity," he says.
"Nay! I do not!" the widow replies.
"Why, there do seem to be a lot about, like flies;
Wherever do they come from?" "Out from the shed.
Lend me a hammer," the young man said.
The board removed exposed to view
Many pounds of honey, old and new,
Which paid her year's rent, with a surplus o'er,
That kept her from want, until at the door
Stood her noble son, healthy and strong,
Who had been rescued, as the traveller told;
And now brought home with him silver and gold
For the mother beloved, who wept and prayed.

He says he "knows 'twas for her he was saved,
For all else was lost in the angry wave."
And now his sailing days are o'er,
Enough of work he gets ashore,
While the widow has often been heard to say,
She wished the traveller would come that way.
May the words of Holy Writ be in our ears,
"Be careful to entertain strangers, for
Thereby some have entertained angels
Unawares."

"CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD,
HOW THEY GROW."

MATT. vi. 28.

Oh, the flowers! lovely flowers!
Oft have you cheered my weary hours;
When my heart was sick with pain,
You have helped me into life again.

When I see thy forms so varied,
And have smelt thy rich perfume,
Rising up from earth like incense,
"I own thy Maker is divine."

And my thoughts have gone
From Nature up to Nature's God,
Who hath strewn our path with flowers
Along life's rough road.

Thinking, if He cares so much
To beautify our path,
Shall not He care more for thee,
Oh, heart of little faith?

And again, refreshed with gladness,
Lord, I hasten on,
‘Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through His eternal Son.’

THE PRACTICAL JOKER.

It was a half-holiday at the boarding school,—
Ah! who does not know, the pleasant anticipations,
That from half-holiday grow?
But this one turned out wet, and a swarm
Of noisy urchins, could in every spot be met,
Some amused themselves with games,
Some more peacefully inclined
Sought amusement in their books,
Or to improve their mind.
But one there was with idle hands
Who looked about to find
Some mischief as a practical joke,
Just suited to his mind.
And quickly helped by one whose fame,
Has long established stood;
Found out a suit of clothes that wait,
For Phillips, called the good.

So to the bath-room hied away, intending to equip
Himself in all their splendor,
Then out in the mud and rain to skip.
Now stripped of all but nature's clothing,
When upon his startled ear
Comes the sound of hasty footsteps
Along the corridor;
And he flees behind the bath-room door,
Which he has left ajar;
Just as the foot of the head master
Steps in upon the floor.

"Tut, tut," exclaimed the master,
"How untidy these boys are ;
I must speak to Mrs. Bramble
About these things upon the floor."
And hastily gathering up the suits, both new and old,
He passed out of the bath-room ;
While the joker felt that he was sold.

He soon began to shiver, for his skin was none too thick ;
So he thought he would turn the water on,
And in a warm bath get.
But he failed to find much comfort
From its salubrious ease,
For every time he raised himself,
He felt as if he'd freeze.
So knotting several towels together,
Not one of which was dry ;
Then robed in these he started forth,
To find his clothes he would try.
He crept along from door to door,
For 'twas forbidden ground ;
While the wetted towels with tightening grip
Wrapped him round and round.
But ever and anon he fled,
Though no one did pursue ;
Until the opening of a door,—
Ah ! that footstep well he knew.

Then down a darkened passage
And through a swinging door,
While Mrs. Bramble's footsteps
Pursued along the floor.
No help for it, so out he went
Into the pouring rain ;
And quickly to the shrubbery fled,
Which made him smart with pain.
"Puss, puss, puss, I surely heard
Her shuffle on before ;"

'Twas Mrs. Bramble speaking,
As she looked outside the door.
"I must have been mistaken,
Or it is too dark to see,"
She murmured, returning through the door,
And then she turned the key.

Shivering with cold and soaked with rain,
Up in a heap he lay,
The towels clung with the chill of death ;
In artistic drapery.
Now through the lavatory door, his only ingress lay,
So bare-footed o'er the gravel road.
He gingerly picked his way.
And some small boys became aware
Of muffled knockings on the door,
And wondering at this late hour,
Its meaning, asked, "Who's there ?"
But the storm raged loud and they do not hear
The answer given, so they open the door,
When out went the light, and all they saw
Was a white-robed figure that fell on the floor.

'Twas our joker that fell
O'er the doorstep, barking his shin,
And striking his nose as he fell in,
Which made the blood pour
Down his face, and towels, and on to the floor,
While the boys scuttled off in a panic of fright,
Shrieking, "Ghost, a ghost," with all their might.
And our joker when he gained his feet,
Hastened to make good his retreat,
Into the school-room where the lavatory led.
But, ah ! he hears footsteps coming ahead,
Where shall he hide himself, where, oh where ?
Up the old-fashioned chimney yes, he would dare ;
'Twould not be the first time, so up he went,
And scarcely ensconced when a troop of boys,
With the master ahead, and shouts and noise,

Of a "Ghost, sir, when we opened the door
It flew at us, then fell on the floor."
"Ghost ! nonsense, it must be an owl,
Or a frightened goose like yourself at school.

But come, you are late at tea to-night,
Take your places, for lessons we must have a light."
"Please, sir, may we have a fire as well ?"
"A fire," grumbled the master, "I never heard tell
Of a fire on the first cold night that fell.
Well, light it ; the weather is damp, it may be as well."
And the joker's hair almost stood on end,
As the blinding smoke began to ascend,
But he struggled to keep his uneasy perch,
For he dreaded the shame, as well as the birch.
The smoke tickled his nose, and he wiggled and weased,
But out it would come, a tremendous sneeze,
While cries of "What's that ?" and alarms of "Oh, dear !
'Tis the ghost in the chimney, sir, I fear."
And from the chimney a cry of, "Put out the fire."
When down came a figure upon the floor.
Begrimed with mud and soot and gore.
My story is finished, and it's plain to be seen,
That the biter was bit,
As the practical joker often has been.
There's an old proverb taught in our English homes,
"If you live in glass houses you should never throw stones."

THE SCRAP BOOK.

Whosoe'er keeps a scrap book, compiled with discretion,
Will ne'er lack entertainment, that shall be a home mission.
If to fill up its pages should be your endeavor,
With wit, beauty and truth, 'twill be a joy ever,
For gray hairs or youth, love the noble and witty,
And the learned or lettered, all admire what is pretty,
And a good motive supplied—like seeds on life's tide,
Shall obey God's command, and yield fruit beside.

PROCRASTINATION—A FACT.

A maiden sat with sorrowing mien, reasoning with her soul,
I am so young, and have to work so hard each day I live ;
I have no time to think of death ; I gladly would,
Lord, if I could ; my heart to Thee I'd give.
But spare me yet a few more years, till I shall older grow ;
I have no friends, or parents dear, the way of life to show,
And I shall be growing wiser, each day I longer live ;
When I am twenty years I shall have less cares,
Then my heart to Thee I'll give.
And God's grieved Spirit went away,
But oft came back, by night and day ;
Still the maiden pleaded of her fears,
And hopes of time, in future years.

And God, rich in mercy, spared her still,
But twenty years brought no more will,
Or inclination for the Lord
To rule and guide, in deed and word,
The heart she had promised should be His ;
For youthful friends had gathered round,
And one, more especially, she found,
She could not now give up.
And again she pleaded, Lord, let me,
When I am his wife, seek Thee ;
Then together we will walk the way
That leads to life and endless day.

And still God heard, yet bid her give
To Him her heart, that she might live.
But, fearful lest her tears might dim
The brightness of her looks to him
For whom alone she lived,
She put away the Spirit's plea,
And doubted not a future day
Would more convenient be.

And soon he claimed her for his wife,
And lifted her from drudging life,
From serving to be served ;
And now she knew she ought to give
To God her heart, and for Him live,
For He had been so good.

But her new life brought her new cares,
Which left small time for cries and prayers,
For callers came, and calls were given,
Which had much of earth, and naught of heaven,
And as weeks and months merged into years,
They brought to her a mother's cares,
And she resolved she would be true
To these dear children ; well she knew
The danger of procrastination,
The daily grief, the condemnation,
How near she had once been to God !
And even now would He forgive
And help her : she would for Him live ;
And anxious days and nights ensued,
And loss of rest, and loss of food
Began to tell upon her frame,
That was not equal to the strain.

Ah ! how the loved ones gathered round,
And hush'd was every startling sound,
While quivering lip and tear-dimmed eye
Bespoke too plainly she must die !
Foremost among the number stood
Her eldest born, now in womanhood,
Hastily summoned to that bedside.
How gladly would she for that loved mother have died,
And she pleaded, " Lord Jesus, take my life instead,
But oh ! spare my mother, for she is not saved."

And they knelt before God, but words fail to tell
Of the anguish and grief which from their lips fell ;

Each one had been led to the Saviour they loved,
By that mother now passing away.
But none had known, save the eldest,
That outside of the fold, in doubt and darkness,
That mother had staid.
And as each one cried, "Lord, take me,
Oh, save mother, I pray, for Christ's sake ;
In mercy, Lord, hear," when a move from the bed
Tells their prayer has been heard.

They arose, and she's conscious, they see ;
Then for weeks and months life, like a flickering flame,
Fans their hopes and their fears every day ;
They can but pray, not a word dare they say,
Another attack, and they know she must die.
God is good, and she rallies again, and in time
Resumes her life's duties, so long left behind,
And determines to seek peace with God.
Her last single child weds the man of her choice,
Now with God and her Bible she pleads, and the voice
Of prayer can be heard day by day, but alas !
She does not feel now as once she did,
No yearnings of love to the Saviour that died,
No assurance of mercy, though for mercy she cried.
She knew she should live, for God had been good ;
He had answered her prayer again and again,
Had kept her from sorrow, and healed her in pain ;
She read all the promises, but could not lay hold
Of the hope in the Gospel, of which we are told.

And now, day by day, a great horror would come,
Must she be lost ? had she left it too long ?
And now and again a letter would come
From Nellie, her first-born, and darling of all,
Speaking so much of the dear Saviour's love, that had
Spared her to them, to meet them above,
And telling how quickly the poor Hindoos come
When they hear of all He has suffered and done

To save us from death, that never can die,
And fit and prepare us a home in the sky ;
And she feels, though a child of the kingdom, that she
Is cast out from His presence, where there will be
Weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth ;
She knows all this now, and yet cannot weep.

And the horror grows deeper month in and month out,
As quiet and ghost-like she wanders about,
She wonders she lives, yet wants to live on ;
She hopes to see Nellie once more come home.
But nature gives way and she knows she must die,—
Oh ! that Ellen her first-born and best loved
Was here with her faith to direct her above,
And guide to a home in the sky.
But the anguish and horror that at times would sweep
O'er her soul like a deluge, and leave her a wreck,
When she murmured "Too late," as they laid her back,
"Too late, Nellie, too late."
But there came a message that Nellie would come,
The doctor had ordered her husband home
From India's subtle clime ;
And they tried to arouse the dear mother to life,
They read her the message, read it close to her ear,
But it brought no response,
No start of fresh life in that flickering pulse ;
And they watched through night and breaking morn,
And they feared after each struggle that life was gone.

But late in the day they hear the tread of horse's feet
In the muffled street.
And one silently passed from the bed to the door,
'Twas Ellen arrived ;
"Just alive," was said, "nothing more."
And the long-looked-for one sped upstairs
To the bedroom she knew so well.
Down by the bedside she gently fell,
For one moment she prayed, then gently laid

Her hand on the one outside the bed
A start, and the quivering eyelids rose,
Mother ! " Ellen ! " and again they close.
Jesus is precious to them that believe,
" Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of
death,
I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me,
Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."
Still no sign is given.

No sound disturbs the death-like silence of the room,
And the anxious questioner knows death must reign soon.
And bending o'er that loved form, whispers low,
" Mother, dear mother, tell us you are safe before you go."
And the arms that seemed already stiff in death
Were wildly tossed on high,
And horror struck on every heart,
They heard the bitter cry :
" Lost, lost, lost ! " and the gasping lips went pale.
All was over, life went out with that bitter wail.

A FRIGHT.

'Tis a winter's night and the snow lies on the ground,
The widow's child goes to her fireless home ;
And in the glooming light, cast anxious eyes around,
Cold, and lonely, she hastens into bed ;
Be sure and have no light, mother's words had said.
And the child, accustomed to obey,
Had yet lingered with the children out at play,
Knowing mother would not be home
From work until eight o'clock had gone ;
And now ensconced beneath the clothes,
There could be little seen but eyes and nose.
When an unusual scraping noise there came,
She thought 'twas on the window-pane ;

So up there jumped a curly head,
And the eyes that looked were full of dread ;
But nothing could be seen,
Save that Jack Frost had been,
And traced a fairy scene
Of hill, and dale, with running brook,
And feathery foliage in every nook,
And scenery most sublime.

So hoping that she would not hear
The noise again, but oh, 'twas there ;
Whatever should she do ? Again and again,
Scrape, scrape, it came, so out of bed she flew,
And catching up a shawl that lay
Upon a chair, in her way,
She fled barefooted through the snow,
Scarcely knowing where to go,
Yet did not dare to stay.
She ran to where her mother worked,
And knocking, entered, but never thought
How ghost-like she must look.

Alarmed to see a child in white,
Barefooted, out in such a night.
"Why, child, you will surely catch your death,
Come and sit beside the hearth."
"Oh ! mother, there is such a noise,
I could not stay at home ;
Let me stay beside the fire
Until you can come."
"Has not mother often said
God will take care of you in bed ?
If something hurt you, and I could
Take away the pain, do you think I would ?
Then how much more can God, and will
Keep you from all harm and ill ?
If you ask Him, instead of mother,
And Jesus Christ, your Elder Brother ;

He wants you to believe in Him when you say,
Jesus please take care of me,
For my mother is away."

And now we must see what caused the noise,
It could not be the girls or boys,
For they have long gone home.
A little mouse, or perhaps a kitty
Crept in for shelter, 'tis such a pity
To be easily frightened, "Come."
And in and out, and round about,
They searched each nook and corner,
But failed in any spot to find
Aught that was unnaturally inclined,
Or ghost-like to discover.
And snugly tucked in bed once more,
By mother's hands, but scarce the door
Had shut, when scrape, scrape,
Worse than ever before.
The noise now seemed along the floor,
So covering head and ears and eyes,
In an agony of prayer she cries,
To the God that loved her mother ;
And asked His care, that she might not hear
That noise, nor any other.
But every now and again it came ;
Sometimes it came from under the floor,
Sometimes from the window,
And again from the floor ;
Until, in her terror, she took to flight,
Out in a bitter winter's night.

That time but little was said to the child
By the patient mother, so gentle and mild ;
But they wrapt her up, and bid her wait
Till her mother went home, for 'twas getting late.
In and outside of the house ;
For she had heard the noise as she lay in bed,

And in the morning the mother sought
And did not wonder the child was afraid ;
And she knew there was cause, as well as effect ;
She bethought of the cellar that opened outside,
Which the child had fastened at eventide,
And opening the door, in the corner she sees
A chicken at roost, in comfort and ease,
Which flapped its wings along the joist,
And gave a hoarse cackle with tremulous voice
Now, my mystery explained,
The child laughed with glee,
And promised she never again so silly would be ;
And she kept her word, as I very well know ;
And if ever there seemed any cause for fear,
She sought for the chicken everywhere,
Nor neglected to ask her Father's care.

A DREAM.

One night, as I lay wakeful,
With weariness oppressed,
Longing for sleep's oblivion,
Where the weary rest,
I was aware of being borne
Swiftly, though silently, along,
And in my soul I knew full well
I was going to heaven, where the blessed dwell.
And I passed through the gates of the city of light,
Whose brightness and glory knows no night ;
There were thousands of glorified ones around,
Yet there was room in that heavenly ground ;
And I knew, as they met and welcomed me home,
They knew where I had lived and what I had done ;
For it came to my spirit,
" Ye shall know as ye are known ; "

And as I looked on each fair and lovely brow,
I knew where they had served their Lord, and how ;
Yet no word was spoken in that great throng,
'Twas the "silence of heaven," the soul's sweet song.
And I wandered on in a maze of bliss,
Feeling how true of this happiness,
"The heart of man had ne'er conceived"
The holy peace, the perfect rest
That remains for each in the realms of the blest.
And away in the distance I saw a throng,
Countless in number, and I knew the throne
Was in their midst by the glory that shone,
And that the Lamb was the light thereof.
No sickness, no sorrow, no pain, nor death,
Was in that fair land,
Through its length and breadth,
With its holy hush of quiet rest,
That came as a calm to my troubled breast.
But I hastened on that I might be
In the throng, my Lord to see ;
But alas, there was no place for me
With those who serve continually ;
And I thought, could I but live
Again on earth, what I would give,
What I would suffer, do, or bear,
That I might stand with them up there ;
For I knew these are they of whom 'tis said,
"They out of great tribulation came,
And have washed their robes
In the blood of the Lamb."
And I awoke ; 'twas but a dream,
To me a revelation given,
On earth each must prepare for heaven.
For they were men like us in passion,
Who, by prayer, and faith, and holy life,
"Have washed their robes and made them white,
Therefore are they before the throne,
And serve Him day and night.

And they shall hunger no more,
Neither thirst any more,
Neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat ;
For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne
Shall feed them and shall lead them
Unto living fountains of waters ;
And God shall wipe away all tears
From their eyes."

March 11, 1883.

THE WEDDING RING.

The amusing scene of which I tell,
Was a village church in a lovely dell ;
The day was bright, the world was fair—
So thought at least one happy pair.
This is to be their nuptial day,
So to the church they wend their way.
George and Anne, one pair of five
Ere noon should see the nuptial knot tied.

So groom and bride, groomsman beside,
With father and mother and sister of bride,
Arrived at the church, in time, they say,
Though two miles from home the village church lay.
When the minister came, it made a commotion ;
Where each one should stand no one had a notion,
But the minister placed them side by side,
Each bridegroom on the right of his bride ;

Then proceeded the service, and passed the "I will,"
When for a moment all was still ;
The ring was placed on number one bride,
Likewise on number two, that stood alongside ;
The minister stood before George ;
Why was he not ready, with the ring in his hand,

All quiet and steady, instead of thrusting his fingers
First in one vest pocket, then in the other,
Then looked at his bride, then at father and mother,
Then murmured, "Oh, dear, what a bother!"

While a smile, and a laugh, with a tittering sound,
Could be seen and heard in the church all around,
And handkerchiefs were needed, and eyes sought the ground,
While back to his pockets his fingers went ;
But alas ! alas ! no ring could be found,
Though he searched vest, coat, and pants pockets all round.
All pitied the bride, who looked near fainting,
And the minister, now grown tired of waiting,
Turned to the next two couple, who ready stand
With ring tight clasped in each bridegroom's hand.

In the meantime the groomsman came
To speak to the bridegroom about the ring,
And thrust his fingers in his vest pocket to find
The truant ring, still left behind,
Then whispered all in good time, and the minister heard,
And turned to wed them without a word.
It was just upon twelve o'clock at noon,
And no wedding was legal if twelve was gone.
So now, young men, take warning, I pray,
And be prepared for that terrible day.
If I thought you would not, and you wanted me,
You never should have me, I'd let *you* see.

ANGELS *VERSUS* BABIES.

Angels' visits, rich and rare,
Oft we have in babies here ;
Surely, Blanche, thou art to me
All an angel form can be.

Thy nearly teeth, 'mid lips of ruby dye,
And large, inquiring, hazel eye,
And thy tiny limbs so fair,
Dancing hither and thither, everywhere.

Sweet and bright, and transient, too,
Oft I fear thou'lt fade from view,
With thy little form and face,
So full of beauty and of grace.

May thy future, Blanchie, be
What the present is to thee—
Bright, because of innocence,
And thy end be perfect peace.

THE AUCTION SALE.

"Going, going !" the auctioneer said ;
I looked ; 'twas a relic of the dead,
A pretty basket ; within 'twas lined
With pink, and with lace all prettily trimmed.
"She was so natty," an old woman said ;
"Ah ! poor thing !" with a shake of the head.
And I thought of the manly heart left sad,
Which she, in her lifetime, had made so glad,
And the little ones who in the loss must bear
The heaviest burdens everywhere.

"Going, going!" again he said,
A bracket worked with silken thread
And blue and gold beads; 'twas of dainty make;
A friend bought it, to keep for the dead one's sake.
Then came the chairs and tables, so good and strong—
Who thought, when buying, of death and dying?
To the young and happy life seemeth so long!
And the books in their case, and the pictures, I thought,
For their life lesson surely were bought,
And I thought of the wife and mother
As the apple of gold in the picture of silver,
For surely such women, as this has been,
Are those whose worth is "above earthly sheen."

"Going, going!" was still the cry,
"A carpet for wear, and to please the eye,
And kitchen utensils, useful and good,
For lessening labor, and preserving your food."
"Going, going!" till all was gone,
From morn till night, 'twas "going and gone,"
And nothing was left but the broken heart
And the empty house, and the empty hearth,
And a green-covered mound, somewhere away,
Waiting for God's Resurrection Day.

SUSIE AND TOMMY AT PLAY.

(Enter Susie and Tommy—showing signs of being tired.)

TOMMY—Say, Susie! I'll tell you, come here and see.
Let's play father and mother, just you and me;
I'll be father that's had lots of beer,
And I must 'tend to beat you, and holla, and swear,
Just like father does when he comes home.
But who'll be Susie, and your little Tom!
And you must 'tend to cry, and say, "Oh, father, don't
Beat me, you'll kill me." What! say you won't?

What are you crying for, I was only in fun,
Needn't cry now, the game ain't begun.
There, there, wipe your eyes ; don't let Ma see
You have been crying, and all through me.

SUSIE (*sobbing and crying*)—Oh, Tommy, I want you to
promise me
You'll never be a drunkard, like father, we see.
Don't ever drink the first drop, now promise me so.
(*Continues crying and sobbing.*)

TOMMY (*wringing his hands*)—Oh, Susie, dear Susie, be
quiet, I pray,
What can I do, or what can I say ?
I will promise you anything, all the world over,
I will not drink the first drop, then sure I'll keep sober.
(*Wipes her eyes.*)
There, now, wipe your eyes, and we'll play hide and seek.
(*Puts his arm around her neck.*)

I love you too well to want you to weep,
And I never, no never, again will play drink."
Oh, parents with children, let it never be,
That the scene just portrayed your children shall see.
Will you, to-night, join our ranks, that Susie and Tom
May now say with me, "I have a temperance home."
(*Holds out the temperance pledge.*)

ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT JAMES A.
GARFIELD.

SEPT. 19TH, 1881.

Garfield, the stricken one,
Righteous and true,
The much tribulation belongeth to you ;
To you it is given to enter in through
The gates of the city
That's hid from our view.

And now thou hast entered thou art satisfied—
Thou livest for ever, with Him who has died,
Not for His own sins was He crucified.
Surely thou treadest not thy path alone—
Another hast walked there before thou wast born,
To show thee the way and lead thee safe home.
In youth thou wast humble, so also was He.
Who in the carpenter's son a Saviour could see?
Who thought the bare-footed boy would president be?
And from youth to manhood, thou struggled to help
And teach others good, not pleasing thyself;
And now thou art gone, not lost, but safe home.
 When those that were faithful,
 To country and people,
 Chose thee as president,
 Others were evil,
 So thou to-day,
 In the martyr's grave lay.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE, THEN ON THAT.

PICTURE No. 1.

A pretty cottage, and the day's work o'er,
A fruitful garden seen from the open door,
With perfumed blossom and singing bird,
Where only love's persuasive voice is heard.
A mother sewing, and with attentive ear
Listening to father's voice, low and clear,
As he reads from his daily, now his work is done;
While youthful voices from within mingle with the organ's
 tone,
Singing from their heart, "There is no place like home."

PICTURE No. 2.

A gate on one hinge, and a garden bare—
For only weeds can flourish there—
Untilled and unsown, save by broken crocks,
(The result to the neighbors being weedy crops).
Angry words, or a curse, are the sounds you hear
In the cool of the evening float on the air ;
Or, if a man with a staggering gait you see,
'Tis a sign to his children that they must flee.
And shall we who are safe from such woe,
Shut our eyes to results and let things go ?
Must husband, and wife, and children be
Left to die daily in such misery ?
Can nothing be done ? Will no one try to save
Our neighbors around from a drunkard's grave,
Or may be from a murderer's—for how many so end
From such a beginning with the liquor fiend ?
If there is hope in the Scott Act,
Let us join heart and hand,
Until saloons and taverns are unknown in our land,
And ours shall be the "Well done,"
To the faithful given,
When we shall pass from our labors
To our rest in heaven.

THE ORPHAN BOY'S DREAM.

AN INCIDENT RELATED BY A MINISTER (OF HIMSELF) ON
THE PLATFORM.

One night I cried myself to sleep,
Thinking of my mother,
When suddenly the room was filled
With angels like each other ;
Save in the midst of them was one,
My own dear, darling mother.

My little heart leaped up with joy,
And, pushing past all others,
I cried, "I am your little boy,
My own dear, darling mother.
Oh, take me in your loving arms,
Nor leave me more, dear mother."

And then I saw them spread their wings,
But I only wanted mother ;
They were bright, silvery, shining things,
And all dressed like each other ;
And as they went up to the skies
They sang, and I awoke with surprise.

And I thought, "Yes, I will meet
My own dear, darling mother.
I will ask her God to be my friend,
He knows I have no other ;
He will help me to love Him, too,
Then I will meet my mother."

And I shall sing that glad new song,
Just as I heard my mother ;
Will you not strive a heaven to win
Through Christ, our Elder Brother ?
God help us all to seek His face ;
Then we shall meet my mother.

A PICTURE OF FRASER'S HEIGHTS, PORT
STANLEY.

On Fraser's Heights are sweet delights
To eye and ear, when skies are clear,
And health's bright glow in the breezes blow,
As visitors' looks and spirits show.
For old and young there is laughing fun
In the sights to be seen and the race to be run ;
And the joyous shouts tell, when the game is won,
In the tug-of-war, when the pulling's done.
Then off they go to the croquet lawn,
Or down to the beach, o'er the lake to be borne
By the gallant little steamer ; while o'er lake and land
Floats the rich strains of the Seventh Fusileer Band ;
Or off to the swing, with a shout and a bound,
While the younger ones haste to the merry-go-round.
Others, drawn by the strains of the lively string band,
Turn their back on the pleasures of lake and land,
And to the dancing shed they go
To trip the light, fantastic toe.
Or, if for a ramble you're inclined,
Here nature is lavish to suit your mind.
You can have your choice of hill and dale,
Of wooded height or grassy vale ;
Or should you be ambitious for sights higher up,
You can be drawn at your ease to the observatory top,
And if the day is clear, your eye can discover
Uncle Sam's domain, over the border ;
And as extremes meet, we will just mention here,
Your easy way to the beach is down by the car
Which runs up and down the cliff's terrible height
(The ride is a novelty and will give you no fright) ;
And, if you prefer it, your way then can be
Along to the breakwater, which you will see,
And into your cars all ready for home.

My picture is ended, my writing near done,
Yet there is one item comes into my head,
I should feel quite condemned if I left it unsaid—
God has given us much beauty, above and around ;
Let us try not to mar it by action or sound,
But throw into our lives the brightness we see,
Above and around us where'er we may be.

A LITTLE GIRL'S SOLILOQUY.

Well, well ! I never did see such a fuss ;
And all because Mr. Jones, the millionaire,
Is coming here to tea.
Such cakes !—all ice ; and strawberries and cream,
And foreign fruits—more than I have ever seen.
But oh, dear ! such a fuss, the house turned upside down.
I went upstairs to find my Mary Jane, but oh !
They sent me down and bid me go
And play out on the lawn,
And get some color in my cheeks
Before Mr. Jones shall come.
He, Mr. Jones I mean, is brother to Uncle Benny,
And very rich—that means got lots of money—
Mamma says I must be very good, and not worry ;
I had only asked why Aunt Minnie's dress was so long.
But then she's sweet on Mr. Jones, I know ;
I heard her as good as say so ; and mamma
Said one day, " Out of the fulness of the mouth
The heart speaketh ; " no no, that was not it,
But I know Aunt Minnie's mouth is always
Full of Mr. Jones every day ; but here he comes—
Good-bye.

(Kisses her hand and runs away.)

DEDICATED IN LOVE TO MY DEAR FRIEND,
MARY ANN D.

Dear friend, how I love to meet thee !
My heart is glad whenever I greet thee ;
 For to me thou hast been
 Oft a true friend, I ween ;
For with thy counsel thou often dost lead me.

Yet sometimes I vexed and grieved thee,
Till thou thought thou surely must leave me ;
 Still thou hast been
 Just what thou dost seem,
A true friend and counsellor to me.

How sweet to be glad in each other,
To act the part of a sister or brother,
 As we journey along
 Midst the world's busy throng,
As we'd be done by, to do to each other.

I thank thee, dear friend, for thy friendship,
For a true friend is a friend in our need ;
 When to Canada we came,
 There was none to bear the name
Of friend to us, throughout prairie or township.

And now may Jesus be to thee and thine,
What thou hast been to me and mine,
 A friend to lead and cheer
 When the way is dark and drear,
As it is to all who dwelleth here sometime.

And when time shall cease to be,
Lord, gather all to Thee,
 For whom we weep and pray,
 As we journey on our way,
Though checkered that may be, it leadeth us to Thee.

ROLLO ON DUTY.

'Tis a beautiful night, so nurse thought,
 And the look-out suggested a walk,
 And her little ones safely tucked in bed,
 "Will be all right now, no doubt," she said ;
 And she bade the under-nurse attend, "If they cry ;
 I shall not be long," she said. "Good-bye."
 And out in the hall the noble dog laid,
 And his long silken ears drank the words nurse said ;
 And away in his wise old head he thought,
 I will keep watch while nurse is out.

And after a time arose a cry,
 Grievous and long, but not loud or high ;
 And finding no nurse attended the call,
 He arose to his feet and walked through the hall
 Into the nursery up to where the nurse sat,
 And, looking into her face, whined, with his nose in her lap,
 And turning round again, he made for the door,
 Looking to see if the nurse came, while he went before ;
 And finding she did not, he went back again,
 Laid his nose in her lap and whined the same,
 Looking so sad, and went again to the door ;
 And the nurse, thinking it strange, went out to see
 If aught was the matter, or what it could be ;
 And finding she came he wagged his tail with delight,
 Leading the way to the room where the child cried with
 fright.

And now duty done, he lay down at the door,
 And the child soothed to sleep, all was quiet once mo.
 And as we thought of his care and talked it o'er,
 We agreed he was worthy the name he bore—
 The name of a prince and warrior bold,
 Who ruled the Greeks in times of old.
 'Tis princely to care and do and dare,
 The right thing in life though none may hear.
 Let us not be beaten by a dog in our duty,
 But by cheerful alacrity add to its beauty.

AN HERO.

The down train to Belleville had passed with a shriek on :
The Accommodation was ringing away from the station,
As Jake Handy, all washed and combed up like a dandy,
Stood looking skyward, which was squally.

"Guess I'll get back 'fore the rain,
If not, let down the flap and shut yourself in,"
These words were said to Dave, his son :
Who to "tend the Engine" as he called it, to the station had
come,
While father went home to his supper.

"Mind and look out for the fire," said Jake,
As a farewell peep into the furnace he took.
"You'll have to chuck in some more feed pooty soon
If Jim isn't back, but don't depend on him ;"
Jim was the stoker, who had also gone home,
So when Jake from his engine swung down,
Dave was left in charge all alone.
He was only fifteen, but was not afraid,
For every valve, wheel, and piston on the "Meteor" he
knew ;
So Jake had often jocosely said,
"The yonker knows more 'bout it'n I do."
Besides this was the regular thing every night,
Jake Handy was the engineer of the night freight,
Which got to Blankton about eight, and had over two hours
to wait.

But if Jake had known what was in that dark sky,
You may be sure he would never have budged a step ;
But he went whistling off into the darkness nor thought of
danger nigh ;
Thinking only of the kindly welcome and comfortable supper
he would get.

"The sky was kinder squally," as Jake had said,
And soon fitful gusts of wind tossed dry leaves and gravel
at Dave ;
At first he paid no attention, but let down the flap,

And story book in hand on the cushion, curled himself up.
But not for long, for the wind grew so strong,
It tore off the flap which Dave had pinned down.
It howled up and down the track, clanking couplings and chains,

Like a chorus of demons let loose o'er the plains ;
Still Dave was used to fierce windstorms,
But now it shook the train that he stood on ;
He began to get nervous with fear.
It ripped off clapboards and shingles from the tool-house
near by,

" I guess I'll give her some supper," he said, with a sigh ;
Throwing a few shovels of coal in the furnace door,
For fanned by the wind the fire burnt with a roar.
But as he bent down, a startling crash,
And the next moment, a huge object by Dave swept past,
Which he recognized as the roof of the switch-house ;
Although alarmed, he did not lose his presence of mind,
And by " tending the 'Meteor'" tried employment to find,
Now he knew a tornado was upon them.
He watched the steam-gauge and kept up the fire,
Which the wind fanned into combustion and uproar.
Now a lull in the storm, but hark ! what is that ?
It sounds like thunder, from far along the track ;
It comes nearer, the ominous sound is clearer,
Dave strains his eyes to see, but all is a dead black,
No gleam of a head-light shows along that curveless track,
But here it comes, the rails rattling, the very earth shaking ;
'Tis here ! 'Tis gone ! and the appalled Dave knows it is a
runaway train.

Dave had often heard his father tell,
Of the frightful damage they caused, and he knew well,
This was eight big, heavy cars loaded with coal,
Started by the wind from Dotville Junction ;
On a twenty-four mile down-grade, and never a brake on.
For a moment Dave was paralyzed, then he knew
The lightning express within an hour was due,

Blankton had no telegraph, all hope was void,
The express coming like the wind, with the runaway must
collide ;
No earthly power could save them, sleeping, and uncon-
scious as they lay ;
And there rose in that moment an Hero in that poor,
shabby engineer boy.
Like a flash he jumped out of the cab to yell
Frantically to the switchman, but without avail ;
So he darted to the coupling, unshackled the " Meteor,"
and sprang aboard,
And ran out on the main track without another word.
Time was flying ; the runaway was several miles ahead ;
Driven by the wind, and its own impetus, on a down-grade ;
But Dave felt he had the double advantage of wind and
steam ;
Yet the poor, small hands trembled as they piled on the
coal ;
But pulling wide the throttle valve, he shouted, " Go it,
old gal ! "
And it would almost seem as if the " old gal " answered
back,
As snorting, puffing and shrieking, she rushed along the
track,
And Dave with his eyes fixed on the steam-gauge,
For he knew how much steam it was safe to carry
(His father had frequently let him run the " Meteor " on
long stretches of straight country,
He understood perfectly all the workings of the machinery).

So Dave rushed his iron steed to its utmost speed, to over-
take the fugitive ;
And all the time thoughts of the lightning express
Filled him with terror—he knew not the time—
The minutes seemed hours along that dark line,
As the " Meteor " flew on towards the runaway train.
And now, just as he begun to despair,
And his hand was outstretched to reverse the " Meteor,"

He rounded a curve, and at a short distance he saw,
The long, dark hulk of the runaway cars.
And now came a new problem : at this rate of speed
They would meet with a crash ; he must slow up, indeed,
So nicely, that when they met there should be the least
possible shock—

For he had no one to couple, and for nonce
He must be engineer and switchman both, in this night's
dance.

And so he flew on, revolving the situation, and adjusting
his engine with care ;

And soon he was on the heels of the runaway cars.
Then with many misgivings and great care he slipped down
From the engine to the cow-catcher, crawling along ;
Then seizing the long coupler in one hand and watching,
While he held on with the other, to await the collision.
The suspense was agonizing and perilous the situation ;
With one gust of wind from his post he might be shaken.
He was for a minute almost panic-stricken ;
Again and again he was on the point of darting back,
For the air was full of uncanny sounds ;
The sweep of another tornado—the roar of the lightning
express just ahead ;
For he is not an hero who sees no fear ; but he is one who
sees and will not be afraid.

Meanwhile the "Meteor" drew nearer and more near,
And at length came up with the rear car,
With scarcely a perceptible shock, and Dave bent over and
let the pin drop ;
Then clambering back into the engine-house again,
With trembling eagerness he seized the throttle and re-
versed the engine ;
But to his amazement the train did not stop,
Instead of the "Meteor" stopping the runaway, the run-
away dragged the "Meteor" in its headlong flight ;
Dave was horror-struck, he put on more steam,—
And now a tussle for the mastery began.

Finally, after what seemed an eternity, they came to a stand ;
And then a backward pull began ; but once started they soon acquired momentum ;
Still, most of the way they had an up-grade and the wind against them,
And again Dave began to cast anxious looks behind him.
The lightning express must be due by this time ;
But he hoped for the best, to keep up his nerve,
And whistled like mad round every curve.
At length he entered the long level line
Of the ten-mile run to Blankton.

Hardly had he congratulated himself, when he heard, far behind,
The scream of the lightning express, borne on the wind ;
He could not hasten ; he was going at full speed,
Thirty-five miles an hour was all he could do,
While the lightning was coming at sixty, he knew.
The next whistle sounded so near, and a third
Of the untravelled ten miles remained when he heard,
And the gleam of the head-light, he could see it afar,
As it shot round the wooded curve in the rear.
And now came a moment of conflicting emotion ;
The nearness of safety, and certain destruction,
Almost overcame him ; yet in this crisis,
Out of very despair, poor Dave gathered calmness.
To the oncoming train he turns his back ;
Looks straight ahead, keeps his eyes on the track,
Thus on he flies, he is almost there ;
He passes the station with a shriek and a roar,
Over the switch, down on the side track, his father is there,
And Jim throws the switch back just in time,
As the lightning goes whizzing and shrieking along the line.
Jake jumps aboard not a moment too soon,
And his gallant son faints away dead in his arms.

—Compiled from a reading by Edwin Lassetter,
Bynner, in the "Age of Strathroy."

November 15th, 1888.

THE BUGLE'S CALL.

LONDON, MIDNIGHT, MARCH 31ST, 1885.

Hark ! the bugle's notes are calling ;
Calling loved ones to the fight,
Long and loud its echoes sounding,
In the stillness of the night.
And our hearts give throbs of anguish,
As the measured steps pass by
Of our neighbors' sons and husbands,
Outlined against the midnight sky.

Asks our heart, like one of old,
" Alas ! how shall we do ? "
Comes this answer, is it prophetic,
" This evil shall not touch you. "
There are more round about us
For our cause, than all against.
Then bless your loved ones,
Bid them God speed ;
The alien's army shall disperse.

Note ye not the tone prophetic,
Of their shopmates' thoughtful care ;
We will pay their wages to you,
Until they fill their places here.
Then dry our tears and wing our prayers
With faith's pinions to the sky.
Of no Fenian raid are we afraid,
Or of Indian rebels nigh.
Our trust is in the mighty God,
To whom all victories belong,
He sees our tears and hears our prayers,
And He will raise our song.

THE WELCOME HOME.

TO THE LONDON VOLUNTEERS, JULY 24TH, 1885.

We waited, watching, looking, longing,
For our heroes of the West,
While the clash of heaven's artillery
Far outdid our mighty best ;
And we said that even home,
Awaited the proverbial weather
That had attended weary marches
On the prairie's bitter winter.
But the rain, though smartly falling,
Did not prevent the cheer that rose,
As the iron steed approaching,
Brought the journey to a close.
There uprose a shout so glorious
That thrilled the blood in every vein,
When we saw the bronzed features
Of our absent ones again.

Again, again the shout arose,
As the steaming, puffing engine
Slowly passed along the platform,
Giving time for recognition.
Wives and husbands, sons and mothers,
Friend with friend, sisters, brothers,
Again clasp hands, while smiles of welcome
Were seen on faces old and young.
But soon the word " Fall in," was given ;
With scarcely room to move or turn,
They did their best in ranks uneven,
To obey, the call to honors earned.
And now beneath triumphal arches,
With measured tread they march along
In showers from the upper windows
Come bouquets, for breast and gun.

And three volleys, fired in honor
Of our lions of the day,
Flash upon our startled ears,
As they pass along the way,
To the sound of martial music,
And the cheering of the crowd,
Stirring many hearts with gladness,
For spared lives of which we are proud.
So read the mottoes, " We are proud of you ! "
'Twas the echo of the city's heart, we knew,
And " Hurrah for the seventh, welcome home ! "
With " Well done, seventh, never shirk duty ! "
While festoons around add their grace and beauty,
And colors as various as the rainbow's hue,
Mingled with hangings of red, white and blue ;
While every window was filled with living graces,
Of beautiful forms and radiant faces.

And strung up aloft, and dancing on air,
Was the effigy of Piapot and Big Bear ;
While Riel swings from a prominent place,
On Dundas Street, meeting our boys face to face.
'Twas but his effigy, more's the pity,
For we wished 'twas himself gracing our city.
Though our boys are safe, yet through Riel lay
Many a mother's son in his grave to-day.

Had we believed for very sure,
The words prophetic, which were given,
When with tears of bitter woe,
We asked, alas, what shall we do ?
Ah ! how oft we fail to gather
All the brightness that is ours,
As we toil life's uphill journey,
Fearing thorns we leave the flowers.
May He who spared our sons from slaughter,
And from the wily Indian's knife,
Give us grace by prayer to offer
Back to Him each rescued life.

A TRIBUTE TO MY HUSBAND.

My husband—dearest earthly treasure,
Whose love for me is beyond all measure ;
Through all the ills and joys of life,
Thou art the stay and comfort of thy wife.

Near twenty years we have travelled together,
Oft meeting adverse winds of fortune and weather ;
Death hath entered home again and again,
Taking our little ones, leaving us pain.

Still the way is not all rough, as we journey along,
It is brightened by faith, and we join in the song :
"The Lord giveth and taketh, blessed be His name ;"
They have gone on before, but we shall meet them again.

The way is not strange, for our feet have long trod
In the pathway of prayer, and trust in our God ;
May He help us, for Christ's sake, to be faithful and true,
And we will not fear the journey, for the goal is in view.

"I HAVE BEEN YOUNG, AND NOW AM OLD,
YET HAVE I NOT SEEN THE RIGHT-
EOUS FORSAKEN."

PSALM xxxvii. 25.

How often, when I've been at work within the city's din,
My thoughts have been of Jesus, my talk has been with
Him ?

When young and strong and healthy, I gave to Him my
heart,
And He avowed in His dear Word naught in life or death
should part
Me from His love, if I would faithful prove.

And so it hath ever been, through a long and changeful
life,
When passing through the fiery trial, or struggling against
the strife ;
Sometimes a darkening cloud of tears would hide Him from
my view,
When my soul hath cried, Lord, take all beside,
But keep me close to you.
And now I am old and gray, and little and unknown ;
Little among all the world calls great, my name has never
shone,
And oft the best deeds of my life have marred and faulty
been ;
Like wounds, though healed unto the sight, are ridged with
scar and seam :
“ But when afraid, I trust in Him.”

HELPS BY THE WAY.

“ I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all
my fears.”—PSALM xxxiv. 4.

Helps by the way, how precious they are,
A leaflet here and a few verses there,
How often I thank a Father's care.

Helps by the way, how sweet they come,
Speaking of rest in my Father's home,
After the weary of life is gone.

Helps by the way, “ line upon line,
Here a little, there a little,” oftentime,
Just when I am weary, comes a line.

“ Fed with the food convenient, too,”
Just what I was longing to know,
Betwixt right and wrong the way to go.

“ Loved with an everlasting love,
I know.”

THE CHOIR.

'Tis afternoon, and Florence Bright is dressed to receive a few friends ; seats are placed around. Florence is doing fancy work.

FLORENCE BRIGHT (*a tap, and the door opens, and in comes May Clover*)—Oh, May, you darling ! you are as sweet as your name for coming so early ! sit down, and we will have a talk. What did you think of our singing on Sunday ? I wish you would join the choir ; you can sing so nice, too. I thought you always liked to do your best for God's house ? I have heard you say as much. (*Another tap—enter Fanny Wrangle and Jessie Wise ; Florence goes toward them*)—Oh, you're dear girls to come ! I hope we shall have a nice evening together.

FANNY WRANGLE—I think it is just too bad for anything to be nice. What did you think of our squeaking tenor on Sunday ; did you ever hear anything like it in your life.

JESSIE WISE—I did not notice the tenor, for I thought the sweetness of the soprano had so much of heaven in it, that every one that could sing with the voice and with the understanding also, ought to give themselves to the choir ; for I am sure we can reach many a heart by singing the Gospel. (*Enter several young girls, and go up to May Clover, then all turn to her, and Jessie Wise continues*)—May, dear, we want you to join our choir ; we think you ought to do so, because you could help us so much.

MAY—I have been very much struck with what one or two have said to-night about doing it for the Lord ; but I am afraid Fanny might not always think my singing sweet. (*Then Fanny comes forward and takes May's hand in hers.*)

FANNY—Oh, May, forgive me, and do not let any thoughtless words that I have said come between you and duty. I too will try to remember that all I do is to be done to the praise of Him of whom we sing, and, like Jessie Wise, will look for the sweetness instead of the discord.

MAY—Very well, dear Fanny, then I will be one with you in the choir, girls. (*All bow and retire.*)

HE CALLETH FOR THEE.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock ; if any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me."

Say ! hast thou never heard His voice,
Sister of sorrow and care ?
Bidding thine heart look unto Him,
Believe in His love, and not fear ?
Yet how hard 'twas to feel love dealt the blow,
That crushed all thy hopes in their bud,
And snatched from thy arms the darling whose charms
Filled thy life and thy home with its love.
Yet He loves who hath said in His word from above,
"I chasten, rebuke, all those that I love ;
But to him that o'ercometh, it shall be given
To sit on My throne in the kingdom of heaven ;
For I 'Alpha and Omega' must be ;
Let cheerful obedience be given to Me."

A VISION.

I stood in a cleft of a rock,
All around me the light of God's love,
Beneath was the valley of earth,
Shrouded in mists from above ;
At the edge of the rock, where I stood,
Was a chasm, which no man could pass,
Yet upward, in thoughtless mood,
Straggled the myriads of earth.
I looked, horror-struck, for my gaze
Was arrested by the maniac force
Which was used by the myriads which surged
Towards the chasm, where all would be lost ;
And I thought, is there nothing to save them ?

Must they perish, as upward they come ?
Then I saw that a bridge crossed the chasm,
And a narrow path led to the same,
And I watched all the people in anguish,
For I knew the path they never could see ;
They were bent on such folly and madness,
As they danced and shouted with glee.

Yet each step that they took was one nearer
The terrible chasm, I saw ;
And so few, oh ! so few found the pathway,
Though 'twas clear, for a glory shone o'er.
Then I watched them who had entered the pathway,
And I saw that they struggled and bent,
As if it was hard work climbing upward,
And I grieved as I saw some relent.
But they that endured to the end
Found glory begun here below,
I saw them smile as I crossed o'er the bridge,
And their face was with glory aglow.
They saw not, but I saw there was One
Who stood at the end of the bridge,
And His dear face shone forth as the sun,
And His glory encircled the place ;
It lit up the hard, barren rock,
It entered the nook where I stood,
It clothed with glory the weary that passed,
And the pathway along which they trod.
But oh ! there were myriads still coming
Up to the chasm's brink,
And then, with a look of horror,
Went over ; no time then to think.
And I turned, for a sickening feeling came,
And I watched the righteous once more
As they crossed over the bridge in the glory,
And I wondered so many were poor.
There was tottering age, and childhood, too,
And parents, and youth, kept coming in view ;

But their tears became pearls
As they passed through the light,
And their prayers were praise
As they came out of the night.
And I wondered to see, as still they come,
An unbroken file, yet one by one,
For each had to cross that bridge alone,
Save for the glorious presence, there was no room.
And their eyes never moved to the right or left,
But looked straight forth to the pearly gate,
And I wondered to see them enter in,
With those tattered clothes, so worn and thin.
And I tried to look in through the pearly gate,
But I could not see for the glorious light ;
And I looked to Him that stood at the bridge,
Then on along the chasm's ridge,
And I was willing to work and wait
Till I cross the bridge to the pearly gate,
Then I looked once more my Lord to see,
And a wondrous smile He turned on me ;
And I knew henceforth that work or pain,
And life or death shall all be gain,
It is not I that live, but He.

FAREWELL TO MY HUSBAND.

WHO DIED A FEW WEEKS AFTER I WROTE "THE VISION," MARCH
28TH, 1888, AGED 54 YEARS.

Farewell, my precious husband,
Thy voice will ne'er again
Cheer me in my writings,
As so often thou hast done.

And when I wrote "The Vision,"
The last that thou didst see,
Why did not a warning voice
Whisper then to me ?

But when I think of all thy rapture,
As thou read it o'er and o'er,
It seems like an inspiration given
To draw thee from earth's shore.

Twenty-five years we walked together
Life's checkered road ;
Now I walk in widowhood,
And thou dost rest with God.

But farewell, my precious husband,
I, too, am coming on ;
Thy own words said our parting
"Would not be for long."

Thou didst promise thou wouldst watch,
And for my coming wait,
With our three little ones,
"Near the pearly gate."

— *Written April 16th, 1890.*

THE CHILD'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

"And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer ;
and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."—ISAIAH lxxv. 24.

'Twas a cold blustering night, and the sleet and the rain
Beat in angry gusts on the small window-pane,
As two parents ready dressed, to defy wind and weather,
Are about to attend weekly prayer-meeting together.

When a small, pleading voice asked, "Ma, let me go, too."
And is answered, "My darling, you cannot, you know ;
Your boots are so bad, your feet would be wet,
Before you scarcely had taken a step ;

"Then you would be sick, perhaps you would die,
And what would mother do without her dear boy?
But when mother is gone kneel down at your bed,
And ask God for some boots ; in the Bible 'tis said,

" ' Every one that asketh receiveth ; ' then next week you
can go
With father and mother to prayer-meeting, you know."
Then after prayer-meeting the parents returned,
And seated beside the stove for a chat and a warm ;

When again the small voice greeted their ear,
" Ma, I asked God for some boots, when will they be here ?"
" Perhaps before Sunday," the mother replied ;
Yet knew not from whence the need could be supplied ;

" God has told us to trust Him, and so we will, dear ;
So go to sleep, darling, without any fear."
And soon heavy breathing told the burden was gone ;
Then the parents knelt down with the same request,
And asked that the faith of their child might be blest.

And on the morrow came a letter unexpected to hand,
From England, the much-loved and far-away land,
And in it a post-office order,
Saying, " Buy the little boy something or other."

And the shout that rang out,
When he heard what it was about,
Nearly deafened his father and mother ;
" And I can go to Sunday-school now,
And prayer-meeting too.

" Was not God good to send them so soon ?
I asked Him at night, and He sent them next noon."
And many times since he has gone to his God,
From childhood to manhood in the prayer-loving road.

MOLLY AND THE FURNITURE.

"Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

"For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat," etc.—MATT. xv. 33, 34.

Och! woe is me, woe is me, but there, I'll tell you all about it. My man was sick, ye see, fell down in the ole of the ship, amongst the pigs, they say. But why they should take pigs to sea, I never could make out, for the blessed life of me. That is, pig iron, I mane, for that is what they sed. He hurt hisself (my husband, I mane) by fallin' down into the ole of the vessel, and the pig iron run in him. Though how that could be I never could make out, for it seems to me if anybody fell down amongst pigs, they would run away, and not run in.

However, to cut a short story long, I will go on. My husband was sick, do ye see, an' whin we arrived at Canada West, Ameriky, it was very little walking he could do, an' as we was in a city, sez he, "Take some rooms, Molly," sez he, "for a time anyway." An' at first I sez "No," for he had promised me a whole house to live in if I would come to Ameriky, do ye see.

Och! my heart ached for him, for he was sore sick to walk about then, so I consented, and we went up some stairs to see some rooms; there was one at the back of the 'ouse, and one at the front, and one in the middle that belonged to both, for it had no windys or doors. Then we went upstairs again, an' there was two rooms, but my husband sed, sez he, "This is higher than I want to be yet," sez he.

So we came down again and talked about the other rooms, an' och! when I looked round, niver a bit of a fire-place was there, an' sez I, "How kin I cuke the bit of fude?" For ye see, I hed bin brat up gintle like, an' wanted things dacent for use. An' the man sed, sez he,

"You vil haf to get von stofe;" he was Germond, yer see. "A stove," sez I. "A stofe," sez he. "An' where shall I put it?" sez I. "Where you like," sez he. "An' do people carry their fireplaces about wid them?" sez I. "They take their stofes wid them," sez he. An' I looked round for the chimley, an' there was only a hole in the wall. "An' where will the smoke go?" sez I. "In that hole," sez he. An' I thought for a while, for I hed niver seen a stove in England, an' sez I, "Will the smoke have to run all round the room till it finds that hole to git out?" sez I, movin' my hand round. "You will haf some pipe," sez he, "for de smoke to go in." But och! my blessed life, I had only seen the pipes the men smoke, but I sed nuthin' at all, at all. An' I sez, sez I, "How much will the stove be?" "A new von," sez he, "vil cost you tree poun' An' I sez to Nolan (that's my husband), "That is all the money we av got," sez I. An' the Germond sed, sez he, "You vil git de furnitir with the stofe." So sez I to Nolan, sez I, "That is not so bad at all, at all." For I thot wat a nice lot of chairs an' a table an' a bedstead I waud get, for I was brought up ginteel, ye know, so sez I, "We will go an' see the stove," sez I, an' I turned round and gave the Germond a nice bow, an' he looked quite relieved like by my kindnis to him. An' thin we went an' found a stove shop, an' the man showed us stoves of all sorts and sizes, thin I sed, sez I, "We want one for three pouns," sez I, thin he was very gracious to us, and showed us some very nice ones, an' explained to us how we was to act by them, or how they would act by us, I forget which; so thin, sez I, "I would like to see the furnitir, sez I. An' directly thin he wint to a bench, and began turning over a lot of tin things, an' came back with his hands full, and put them on the stove. There was a big tin pot that he called a biler; though whoiver would want to be biled in that, he or her, I could not for the blessed life of me see; and thin there was iron pots that could not stand up yet; but thin my husband had sed to me many times, Molly, you must remember this is a young country, so I sed niver a word.

I thought he was throwin' these bits of things into the bargain, do ye see, so of course I was too polite to make any remark. So thin he sed, sez he, "If you would rather have a tay-pot insted of a coffee-pot, I will change it." But I sed that wad do, for I remembered beggars can't be choosers. So I siz, "Now we will see the furnitir." An' he looked at me as if he did not feel quite safe so near me, or as we say in England of a mad dog, it is not safe for him to be at large, at all, at all. So, thinking he did not understand, I sed, "The furnitir, sir; the man tould us we would get the furnitir where we got the stove." An' he sed, sez he, pintin' to the tins, "That is all the furniture belongin' to the stove." An' as I looked at the biler, I thought I was cooked this toime for shure, an' I should niver be so raw any more, at all, at all. Howiver, I sed, "We will think it over," sez I, an' with that we lift the store; an' my heart was broke altogether. But there was help at hand; an' a kind-hearted gintleman seein' me sit on a doorstep weepin', asked my Nolan what was amiss; an' Nolan sed we could not get a house, at all, all, an' he was sick, an' we was strangers in the country, and he took us to a small house that was for rintin', with three of the loveliest poplar trees in front, as if they had grown in England itsilf. Poplar, indade, it made the whole country of Canada West poplar wid me. An' anither gintleman lint us a stove, so we was just grand like, whin we made a table of one of our boxes, and sat upon two itheres. An' at night we slept as sound as if we had the grandest of bedsteads. Indade, we had a house of four rooms to oursilves; was we not grand already?

An' soon a good man heard of us, an' he came to see us with his horse an' gig. An' wasn't we havin' a bit of a meal; we had tay, an' borlong sausage, they call it, but, indade, it was round sausage whin I bought it, an' some bread. An' didn't I fale it was a honor to stand while I left me box for the gintleman to sit on, but he would not stay, but said he would come anither day. An' so, indade, he did, and brought us two iligant chairs, he sed, sez he,

"They were only standin' in my shop," sez he, "of very little use." An' at the same toime he brought us fifty pounds of flour an' a large pase of cheese ; indade, I had never seen so much flour an' cheese outside of a shop since I worked at the squire's ; God bless 'im, for he helped us afore we came to this country. An' we forgot the next toime we had a male that we had no shugar or milk in our tay, or butter on our bread, while we had the beautiful large pase of cheese afore us, an' we sit in our illigant chairs. An' that nite we asked God to bless that good man an' his family, an' our home in our adopted country, an' to bless the country that had begun to adopt us.

AT MOTHER'S BEDROOM DOOR.

It was Christmas morning, and the sound
Of bare feet, rushing o'er the intervening ground
From nursery to mother's bedroom door,
Had caught my ear.
I peeped, and this is what I saw ;
Six bright young faces, full of earnestness,
To tell, and show, what Santa Claus
Had left for them in his journey through
The city, while 'twas locked in quiet rest,
Dreaming may be, of the brightness upon its morrow's
breast.

'Twas a sweet home-picture that I saw
That Christmas morning, gathered around the mother's
bedroom door.

And yet I've often heard people say,
'Twas nonsense to spend money in that way.
Toys, indeed, what good did they do ?
'Twas money wasted, soon broke up, and lost to view.
But to me they spoke of love,
On that bright Christmas morn.

With love were the gifts appointed,
 Of love the thought was born,
 And love it begat in the youthful breast,
 For each hastened to the mother, to show the part
 They shared in Santa Claus' bounty.

Of doll and book, of lamb and goat,
 While treasures untold the closed boxes unfold,
 Well knowing mamma would rejoice at their beauty.
 "And if a cup of cold water is not given in vain,"
 Nor will lose its reward, from the Master who came
 From heaven to earth, to show us His love,
 I am sure Christmas gifts are remembered above ;
 For many a heart that is sad and forlorn,
 Is made glad by the gifts it receives on this morn,
 From the rich to the poor, can such joys be given,
 As fills the lone heart with the love
 That rules heaven.

THE GERMAN DYSPEPTIC *VERSUS* MOUNT VESUVIUS.

(To be spoken slow, with melancholy air, and occasional gesture. Reciter walks slowly back and forth on platform, showing a long face, and gently places his hand on his chest, exclaiming):

Oh, teer ! oh, teer ! I am so sict, vot I sall do. *(Faces the people.)* Ven I dot up in mint bet, in te mornint, I veal so verry sict, an' I sa to mint vife, Christenia ! I not aple to got de fire, so she got de fire ; den I sa, I veal I so like to lay still in mint bet, an' den Christenia she got the bakust to me. An ven I eat I veal. *(Places his hand tenderly on his chest.)* Oh ! teer me, vot I sall do ; ant I say to mint vife, get me mint tinner, ant mint suffer, an' if I vos better den I vill dot up. But ven I haf eat all dat mint vife

bing to me, den dis pain is so bat. Oh, teer, teer, vot is te matter mit me? I veal like the Mont Vesuvius, I reat in de noosepaper de oter nite; it sa pefore it vas proke out, tare vas muttering, and crumplins, and crate tremplins insite, ant so it is mit my insite. (*Belches the wind up and catches his hand to his mouth.*) Ant oh! teer, teer, vot I sall do if I sall die I do not no; ant te noosepaper sa, den the montan belth up fire an sfoak, ant that is like me, too, I belth up de sfoak. (*Belches again.*) But de fire burn, burn, in mint insite. (*Beats his chest with his hand, walking back and forth on the platform.*) But de vomins vot com to see mint vife, she say it not sfoak vot com out of my mouf, but de weffer is frosty; but, oh, teer me (*belches the wind with a frightful noise*), dar am no fosty weffer in mint inside, it am all too hot; ant de vomins sa it viil pe hotter for me an I vos to die. So vot I sall to I to not no, ant vot my por Christenia sall to I to not see; for she go out ant ernt lots of moneys, lots of dollars effery vek. But she haf me to lok haffer now, ant if I vos died, vot effer she can do wifh de moneys I to not no, my poor vife. If I no vot I can do to be vell I vish I no for my poor Christenia's sake I vill do it. (*Shakes his head and walks the platform.*) [A voice from aside: "Eat less and work more."] Tank you, my frient, tank you, I vill, for Christenia's sake.

MEDICINE.

An old-fashioned medicine
 For parents and children,
 Which need but be tasted,
 For each to want more.
 Just keep your own counsel,
 And all will be wondering,
 That mamma never made
 This nice stuff before.

Four ounces of epsom salts,
 Once ounce of senna,
 One pint of water,
 Just let them simmer ;
 Strain free from leaves
 In your porcelain pot ;
 Add three pounds of prunes
 One pint of water hot.
 Let them gently stew,
 From two hours to three,
 With three half-pounds of sugar
 All ready for tea.
 A small saucer full
 For each child at supper,
 Will make a good meal,
 With nice bread and butter,

“WOE UNTO HIM THAT GIVETH HIS NEIGHBOR
 DRINK !”

HABAKKUK ii. 14.

Where have I read it, where can it be,
 This dreadful woe in my memory ?
 Hang it up to be read by all,
 Nail it up in the dining-room,
 And out in the hall,
 Lest on my family this dire woe fall,—
 “Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink !”
 Threatened of God ! yet only think
 How often 'tis given, this neighborly drink ;
 By the wine on your table and the beer at your side,
 The poor inebriate is tempted, God's power is defied.
 What is it St. Paul says ? Just let me think,
 “If meat cause my brother to sin,”

(How much more the drink)
 For whom Christ has died,
 "I will eat no more meat while I am alive."
 Noble self-sacrifice, for much more in meat
 Is the strength that is needed
 For work, than in drink !
 So who will with me, to-night,
 Their pledge of abstinence renew,
 To refrain from intoxicants
 All their life through ?

A SOLDIER'S PROMOTION.

Written upon the funeral of EMILY ELIZABETH MARCHANT, who died February 4th, 1883, being the first death that occurred in the Salvation Army in London. She was a faithful private. Buried at Woodland Cemetery. Aged 48 years.

TUNE—"Let the lower lights be burning."

Hark ! the sound of martial music,
 'Tis a soldier being borne
 To her final habitation
 Till the resurrection morn.

But we weep not, though our comrade
 From our ranks has passed away,
 For we know 'tis her promotion
 That we commemorate to-day.

From the sneers and jeers and crosses,
 Which she nobly bore below,
 From this life, with all its losses,
 She has passed forever now.

Now, triumphant in the victory,
 She is one of the King's own,
 Who hath promised to the faithful
 They shall share with Him His throne.

FALLEN ROSE LEAVES.

So farewell, farewell, dear comrade,
Though thy steps shall never more
Haste to answer to the roll-call,
As thou oft hast done before :

Yet we know that thou art watching,
Sentry-like, for all that come
From the lower ranks to heaven,
And the watchword's " Welcome Home !"

TRUTH *VERSUS* EQUIVOCATION.

A little child, one summer day,
Strayed to a neighbor's house to play,
Though often warned she must not go
Where naughty words and actions show.
Another neighbor, passing by,
The tidy child did soon descry,
And wondered in such company
Her neighbor's little one to see ;
So called upon her friend to say,
" Your little girl's across the way."

But soon the little one returned
In answer to a call ;
When mother said, " Why did you go
To play with them at all ? "
And wonderingly the bright eyes looked,
How mother came to know ;
But mother said, " Have you not heard
The birds can tell me so ? "

Then out of doors those pretty eyes
Quickly tried to trace
Which of the sparrows, hopping round,
Would show a tell-tale face ;

But failed amongst them all to find
The face that showed a guilty mind,
So wandered off to other play,
Musing o'er the mystery on her way.
And mother, too, found food for thought
On that bright afternoon ;
'The child's sweet look of faith had taught,
Truth could not be spoke too soon.

TEMPERANCE VS. ALCOHOL AND TOBACCO.

A DIALOGUE.

(Enter several young girls, and form a half-circle ; one advances, saying) :

Now girls, you know we have met to talk over this temperance question that is going the rounds of our homes just now. We will each give our opinion, beginning at the eldest. So, Grace, what, in your opinion, is our duty in this momentous question ?

GRACE—Well, girls, if we are to study this question from duty's standpoint, then it will require serious decision from us to-night. You know I am on the side of temperance ; and if I had brothers, I should not like them to go into company where there would be the temptation to drink alcoholic stimulants ; and I never accept an invitation amongst any of my friends where I know wine is used, because I could not sanction the use of it by my presence. *(Murmurs from several girls—Then that was why ? Oh ! I understand now, etc. A voice—* But do you not use it in your cooking ?) No, never ; mamma never would use it, and I wish to do as she did. Now, Jessie, tell us what you think.

JESSIE—I would rather listen a little longer before I give an opinion. *(Stands back a little.)*

Well, then, Rose, what have you to say ?

ROSE—As I have brothers, I would like us to discountenance the use of tobacco, as well as intoxicating drinks, for I think smoking often leads to drinking ; and I am sorry to say, when I speak against smoking, my brothers remind me that the girls say, " They love the smell of a good cigar," and there is not much hope of getting them to give up the offensive and expensive habit while the girls encourage it ; this alone shows us what power we have over them. I believe if we would not accept the company or attentions of any gentleman who uses tobacco or alcoholic drink, that within twelve months the habit would become so disreputable that no gentleman would like to be seen smoking indoors or out, and our brothers growing up would never begin the habit.

Now, Alice, give us your opinion.

ALICE—I quite agree with Rose about the tobacco and alcoholic drink, and I long ago decided for myself, that " the lips that touch liquor and tobacco should never touch mine." I can afford to wait for a good man. Imagine a gentleman puffing smoke by my side ; declined with thanks (*bows to the audience*).

JESSIE (*comes forward*)—I will be one with you, as I am sure there is good sense in what you say.

GRACE—I move that we form a society, to be called the " Young Reformers."

ROSE—I second that motion.

All in favor, show in the usual way. Contrary. Carry'd.

YE HAVE NOT YET RESISTED UNTO BLOOD,
STRIVING AGAINST SIN."

HEB. xii. 4.

O Lord, teach me what this may be,
The meaning of Thy Word I want to see ;
Let me see light in Thy light, Lord,
Then a lamp to my feet shall be Thy Word.
'Twas the prayer of a maiden young in years,
A youthful Christian with hopes and fears,
Remembering the promise, " Ask, and it shall be given,"
Early taught by a mother now resting in heaven.
With God's Book in hand, on bended knees,
And looking again at the words, she sees
A battle-field pass before her eyes,
Each side contending to win the prize ;
And, wondering still what this might be,
Each side seemed determined on victory.
But as she watched, one overcame,
And the other lay bleeding on the plain ;
And there came to her heart, as a still, small voice,
Of the two combatants, take thy choice ;
Thou must fight against besetting sin till you o'ercome,
For if you yield to them you're lost and undone ;
Fight when it seems you're risking your all,
Just leaving to Jesus whate'er may befall.
And the young Christian knew God had answered her prayer.
Her path of duty was made so clear,
She knew He, who was for her, was more than could be
Against her through time to eternity.

MY DARLING.

My darling, how I love thee,
 No tongue on earth can tell,
 Surely I had placed thee
 Where God alone should dwell.
 And He who knoweth all things,
 Hath seen the idol there,
 Upon the throne where He alone
 Should rule and sceptre bear.
 So He thrust my idol down,
 Which now in fragments lay,
 A cistern which could hold no water—
 For it was made of clay.
 And now upon His throne so high,
 Which He hath bought with blood,
 He rules the Alpha and Omega,
 My heart belongs to God.

"I SHALL BE SATISFIED WHEN I AWAKE
 WITH THY LIKENESS."

PSALM xvii. 15.

Oh ! how our face shall light
 Up with glory at the sight,
 When we see Him for ourselves and not another ;
 And we shall be like Him too .
 For His Holy Word doth show
 Who is His mother and sister and brother.
 When we know as we are known—
 What will that rapture be
 When seated on Thy throne for all eternity,
 Lord, we cannot tell ; but of this we are sure,
 Satisfied with Thee we shall want nevermore.

THE BABY AND DOG ; OR, PERFECT LOVE
CASTETH OUT FEAR.

"Wilt Thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth?"—JER. iii. 3.

I saw a little child one day
Out in the dusty road at play,
And a large dog of snarling visage
Passed along the street on his way through the village.

I thought there was danger, and was on the run
To catch up the child ; but before it could be done,
Baby saw doggie, but not the fear,
Threw her arms round his neck, hid her face in his hair.

But the sudden effort to baby was great,
She turned over his head and fell at his feet ;
Doggie walked off on his journey again,
We picked up the baby and kissed off the pain.

As I mused o'er what happened,
It came to my mind,
If you want to meet kindness,
Be sure to be kind.

For words and deeds,
Like little seeds,
Come back to us as
Perfumed flowers, or noxious weeds.

SOMEBODY'S BAIRN.

A PICTURE FROM LIFE.

A stretcher was passing by me, borne of four,
On it the outline of a human form is seen,
But covered from view by a tarpaulin.

And walking by the side was a constable,
Holding one corner of the covering,
Which a sudden gust of wind wrenched from him,

Exposing to view a handsome face, deadly pale, and stained;
And a head of curly brown hair,
Clotted with its own blood and brains.

And a broad, manly bosom, wondrously fair,
From which had been removed all apparel;
To give the sufferer air.

In horror I screamed, "What did it?" the constable said,
"Beer!"

See yon building's giddy height? from yonder tower
He dashed, head downward, from floor to floor.

If he was thy father, brother, son,
Wouldst thou still vote against temperance and for rum?
"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye
even so to them."

THE LORD INHABITETH THE PRAISES OF ISRAEL.

'Twas Sabbath afternoon, and sick and weak,
I lay on my couch to rest and sleep,
And through the quiet, the cadence of sweet song
Brought rest to my weariness ere long.

"Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to own,"
So the singer sang;
And answer came as from His throne,
From myriads, "Amen."

And wondering, I looked around to see,
Then knew I stood where "many mansions be;"

And again up from the faithful came the cry,
"Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to own ;"
And an echo reached me from the throne :
"I will guide thee with Mine eye,"
And countless voices sung "Amen !"

Then with marvellous sweetness, "Behold
The Bridegroom cometh." Then again
The harpers harped and sang "Amen !"

And then a song that filled all space
Arose from loved ones "kept by grace,"
"He leadeth me, He leadeth me,
By His own hand He leadeth me."
And again the song of praise arose
From myriad voices far and close, "Amen !"

And as I listened with bated breath,
Soft footsteps came from the shores of earth,
Like zephyrs on a summer's night,
More felt than heard or seen by sight.

And as if lingering memory's rest,
Of loving mourners now bereft, there comes :
"Mother leaves the son, the daughter, waiting at the pool ;
Calls to them across the water, waiting at the pool.
You can never, never more embrace, mother, or behold her
face,
If you keep the sinner's place, waiting at the pool.

"Step in boldly—death may strike you, waiting at the pool ;
Jesus may no more invite you, waiting at the pool ;
Faith is near you, take her hand, seek with her the better
land,
And no longer waiting stand, waiting at the pool,
Waiting, waiting, waiting at the pool."

And there floats like golden glory,
All a mother's hungering o'er me,
As I join the glorious chorus,
Which all tongues have sung before us.

"Hallelujah for the cross! hallelujah, hallelujah!
It shall never suffer loss, hallelujah, hallelujah!"
And the countless myriad tongues
Of every nation, kindred, clime,
Joined in a chorus most sublime:
"Crown Him, crown Him,
Crown Him Lord of all."
And there was silence, and I thought,
To worship Him they fall.

But rippling laughter comes to me,
And I arouse and looking see
Youthful faces gathered round
The organ, whose crescendo sounds
Had mingled with my dreams.

THE JACK TAR.

I will tell you a tale as I heard it told,
Of an English jack tar, fearless and bold;
When in Russia at the laying of a corner-stone
He forgot he was not in the free land of home.

And a multitude vast, from far and near,
Whose voice was hushed with a common fear:
For the Czar said, "Let it be known in the land to-day,
That when the corner-stone we lay,
The man that speaks shall surely die."

And pomp and splendor watch and wait
Hour after hour, and time grows late;
But the rope is all too long,
To lift on high the massive stone,

And angered and vexed with threatening frown,
The Czar is seen at last to turn ;
When from the awe-struck, breathless crowd
Speaks a voice clear and loud : " Wet the rope ! "

The rope was wet, and clear and high,
Arose the stone, 'twixt earth and sky :
" Bring the man that spoke," said Russia's lord ;
But it was for honor and reward.

So often when we dare do right
In face of wrong, though it has might ;
He who rules above the sky,
Shall turn the evil from our way,
And out of darkness bring forth day.

A MACEDONIAN CRY.

TUNE—" Daniel's Band."

Rally round our standard white,
Hearts so good and true ;
Many prayers ascending up,
From broken hearts for you.
Eyes now red with weeping,
Hearts in sorrow too,
Cheeks so worn and wasted,
Looking up to you.

CHORUS—Rally round our standard,
God shall clear the way ;
He will shut the lion's mouth,
Ye Daniels of to-day.

Childhood's cries appalling us,
Infant's feeble moan ;
Girlhood sunk and fall thus,
Lacking friends and home.

Man ! God's noblest creature,
And in His image made,
Blear-eyed, foul and fiendish,
By alcohol is laid.—*Chorus.*

Rally round our standard pure,
Davids from the flock ;
God shall guide your pebbles sure,
Gathered from the brook.
Soon the great Goliath,
Alcohol, shall lay
Headless in the valley,
And license pass away.—*Chorus.*

God is watching over you,
Angels hover near ;
Man and demons waiting, too,
Full of hope and fear.
Forward into battle,
The strife will not be long ;
To-night the marching orders,
At morn' the victor's song.—*Chorus.*

TEMPERANCE REFRAIN.

TUNE—"Hark ! hark ! hear the glad tidings."

Shout ! shout ! aloud the glad tidings,
Soon, soon our millennium shall come !
When drink no longer is claiming
Its victims from every home.

CHORUS—||: Yes, yes, yes, yes,
Its victims from every home. :||

Hear ! hear ! the cry of the helpless,
 The weary, the hungry and poor,
 Hath reached the God of Sabaoth :
 Who hath promised them help evermore.

CHORUS—||: Yes, yes, yes, yes,
 God hath promised them help evermore.: ||

“If thou forbear to deliver
 Them that are drawn unto death,”
 Doth not He know and consider
 Who will render according to work.

CHORUS—||: Yes, yes, yes, yes,
 God will render according to work.: ||

NO SURRENDER.

TUNE—“Hurrah, hurrah for England.”

To arms ! to arms ! my comrades,
 We battle for the right ;
 We will not yield to alcohol
 Our manhood and our might.
 We fight for hearth and home,
 To loyal hearts a duty,
 We fight, as did our sires of old,
 For Canada and beauty.

CHORUS—Then to arms ! to arms ! my comrades,
 Let friends and foes remember
 “Prohibition !” is our battle cry,
 Our watchword, “No surrender !”

We still are on the winning side
 If this world was our all,
 For see the homes of squalor round,
 Where reigns king alcohol.

FALLEN ROSE LEAVES.

Then forward march to victory,
 Singing as we go ;
 "God bless the right, and give us might
 To conquer Canada's foe."

CHO.—Then to arms ! to arms ! my comrades, etc.

PROHIBITION.

TUNE—National Anthem.

Prohibition, hasten on,
 All hail thy hopeful morn,
 Lord help us all.
 Give us a will to bear,
 Our brother's burden share,
 Although we have no fear
 That we might fall.

Prohibition ! let the sound
 Encircle us around,
 And save us all ;
 Let pole to pole again
 Reverberate the strain,
 We wrestle till we gain
 For law Prohibition.

Can we afford to lose
 Our sense of brotherhood,
 His keeper we ?
 Then around our ensign white
 Ye gather who love right ;
 Vote not for party, but
 For Prohibition.

Now let the people's voice
Be heard, that this, our choice,
Must law become.
Lord, we look up to Thee,
Help us to save Canada,
From alcohol's curse set free ;
God help us on.

TEMPERANCE PLEDGE SONG.

TUNE—"Cheer, Boys, Cheer."

Come, children, come,
And join our Temperance Army ;
We are pledged to conquer
Alcohol our foe ;
Christ, our Lord, is with us,
For our cause is righteous,
We shall be victorious over Canada's foe.
We have often heard
Of mothers and their children
Turned adrift in darkness,
Into cold and snow ;
Shall we grow to love
The serpent that will bite us,
And shall cause our loved ones
Such sorrow and such woe ?

CHORUS (Repeat first verse)—Come, children, come.

So no more of lager,
Whiskey, beer and cider,
Wine, rum, gin and brandy,
As a beverage we forego.
We would rather join
The Rechabites for ever,
Than forfeit every blessing,
And yield to Canada's foe.

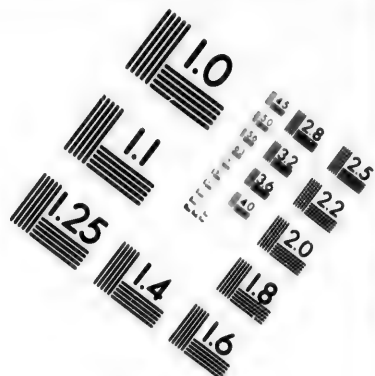
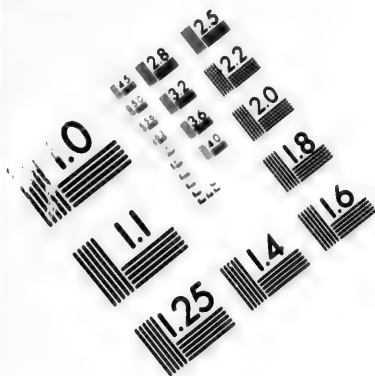
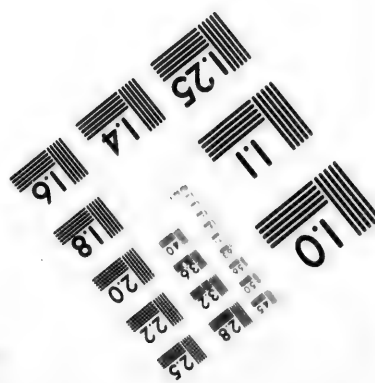
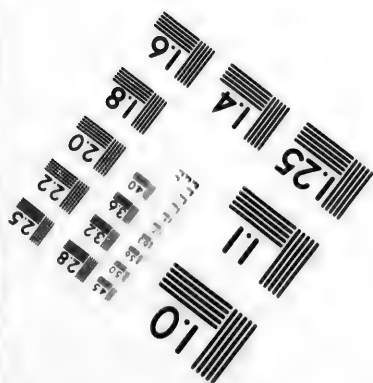
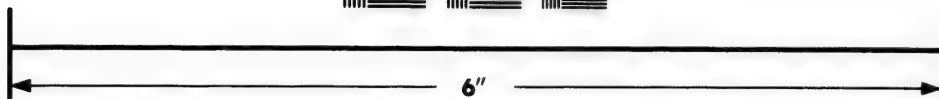
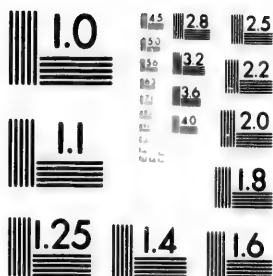


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Satan oft will tempt
 Us to break our pledge,
 Call alcohol God's gift,
 But then we know he lies.
 God says, "Wine is a mocker,
 And strong drink is raging,
 And whosoever is deceived by it is not wise."

CHORUS—(Repeat first verse.)

SOW THE SEEDS OF TEMPERANCE.

TUNE—"Scatter seeds of kindness."

Is there here a father, mother,
 In the light of what has been,
 That would dare to say of alcohol,
 It is God's good gift to men.
 But would they not much rather
 Sign the pledge and keep the vow?
 God helping us, our darlings
 The taste shall never know.

CHORUS—Then sow the seeds of temperance,
 Then sow the seeds of temperance,
 Then sow the seeds of temperance,
 For the reaping by-and-by.

For the sake of lives made hopeless,
 By its scorching, withering blight,
 For the sake of deaths made endless,
 Sweep the demon from our sight;
 It means loss of life on railways,
 And loss upon the sea;
 It means murder in the bar room,
 And loss of soul eternally.

CHO.—Then sow the seeds of temperance, etc.

If we knew the baby fingers,
That clasp around us now,
Would be pinioned by the hangman,
With a black cap on its brow,—
Oh ! how our love-clasp tightens
As we think upon the scene ;
But we know that these things have been
Caused by the liquor fiend.

CHO.—Then sow the seeds of temperance, etc.

FREE EVERMORE.

TUNE—" To the work, to the work."

To the front, to the front, for the temperance cause,
We will work with our might till we get righteous laws,
For our nation's hope in our future must be,
Till the helpless and hopeless from alcohol is free.

CHORUS—Marching on, marching on, marching on, march-
ing on,
Till the tide along our shore,
Shall echo back "Free evermore."

To the front, to the front, in the future to come,
Our nation shall hear when we reach twenty-one,
For out from our ranks future rulers shall be,
That shall drive from our land this curse of the free.

CHO.—Marching on, etc.

To the front, to the front, we shall reap as we sow,
And a youth-time of thrift and temperance shall show
That riches and honor our portion shall be,
When we sweep alcohol from this land of the free.

CHO.—Marching on, etc.

THE DYING CHILD.

Dr. Schaffier, of New York, finding a little girl in a cellar, dying of consumption, told her he would have her removed to a better home, when she exclaimed, "Save Pa, instead," and fearing violence to the gentleman should her father return and find him there, she added, "I will soon be with Jesus, with Jesus. Indeed, I am happy, sir ; now go away."

Down in a cellar a dying child lay,
As Dr. Schaffier, God's servant, passed by,
Bending down o'er her, said, "Poor little one ;
You shall be moved to a far better home."

CHORUS—"Save Pa, instead ; save Pa, instead,
I shall see Jesus, see Jesus," she said,
"Papa is cross, he is drinking to-day ;
Indeed, I am happy, sir ; now, go away."

In that back street in New York where she lay,
Angels are waiting to bear her away,
"Now I shall soon be with Jesus," she said,
"Indeed, I am happy, save Papa, instead."

CHO.—Save Pa, instead, etc.

Lying on rags, in the corner away,
Breathing out life in consumption, she lay,
Clasping with hands so white and so thin
A testament, reading in the light so dim.

CHO.—Save Pa, instead, etc.

Closing her eyes, the book fell from her hand,
As halting footsteps began to descend,
"I'm coming, Mary, Pa's coming," he said ;
And his eye fell on the book by the dead.

CHO.—Save Pa, instead, etc.

"I can get drinks for this here book," said he,
"For it is Mary's best treasure, he, he!"
And clutching the book, up the stairs he fled,
Across to the dramshop with uttermost speed.

CHO.—Save Pa, instead, etc.

THE STORM AT SEA.

The storm had driven the vessel on
Out of her course, all reckoning gone,
And not prepared for a lengthy voyage,
They suffered from thirst amid the work and noise.

For they worked at the pumps by night and day,
That the good old ship might hold its way;
When, lo! the mist rose, and a ship they see,
And signal at once, "Give water to me."

And the ship answered, "Dip down in the sea;
The water's as fresh as it is free."
'Twas the Amazon—fresh-water river—they were sailing
on;
One hundred and eighty miles wide, and four thousand
miles long.

How like us, often on the ocean of life,
Fainting and weak in the battle and strife,
With faith for our rope, yet our prayer-bucket empty,
While we perish for lack in an ocean of plenty.

FOR GOD, AND HOME, AND NATIVE LAND.

TUNE—"Onward, Christian soldiers."

We dare stand for God, and home, and native land,
 A united army in the temperance band;
 Conscripts we, of conscience, for the mighty work,
 Can we dare in God's sight, from our duty shirk?

CHORUS—For a day is coming, when our Lord shall say,
 "Did you, by your ballot, your weak brother
 slay?"

Forward, until victory through our land resounds,
 And not a manufactory of alcholic drink is found;
 Our ports, too, let us close to the accursed thing,
 And the stumbling-block remove that causes sin.

CHO.—For a day is coming, etc.

Many, many thousands join our temperance band,
 Many still are coming over all the land,
 Like a mighty army, every age and tongue,
 From palace, hall, cottage home, shanty and wigwam.

CHO.—For a day is coming, etc.

 THE VOICE OF JESUS.

There is no voice like Jesus',
 That gentle, still, small voice,
 That comes to our hearts, in darkened paths,
 And bids us still rejoice.
 "Ye believe in God" it says to each,
 "Believe also in Me;"
 Go on and do, nor fear but you
 "Shall My salvation see."

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